



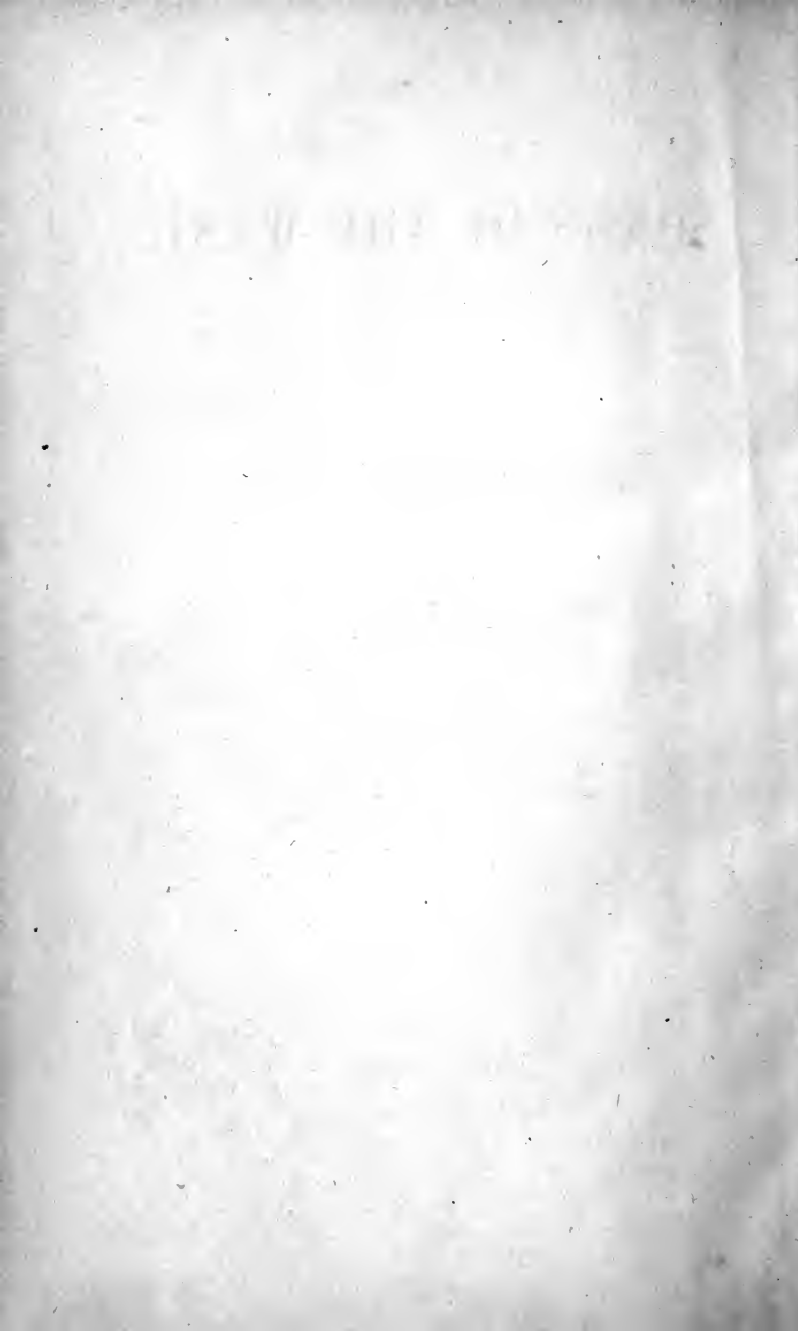
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# SONGS OF THE WEST.

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BY

MRS. JENNIE AURELIA WILBUR.



"I would life were all poetry ;  
To gentle measure set ;  
Nor one discordant note be spoken,  
Till God the tuneful harp hath broken."

— N. P. WILLIS.

CHICAGO:

1866.

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DEDICATORY.

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TO

GERTIE AND NETTIE,

WHO HAVE BEEN

AS STARS SHINING THROUGH THE NIGHT-TIME OF MY LIFE,

*I Dedicate this Book,*

WITH THE

FONDEST EXPRESSIONS OF AFFECTION.

THE AUTHORESS.





## PREFACE.

---

IN placing this volume of poems before the public, the authoress has been actuated more by the advice of friends than the mere love of fame, and if her songs shall be as music to one listening ear, not vainly will she have wrought through the red heat of summer days, or the white frost that lays nightly along the devious paths of every human life. As the dove went forth from the sacred ark, so her heart's bird goeth forth to the world from these pages, not knowing if it will find rest in sunny places, and beneath serene skies, but may it be to bear the branch of olive as a token, that shall bloom in perennial sweetness and beauty forevermore.

CHICAGO, Nov. 20th, 1866.



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SONGS OF THE WEST.





# SONGS OF THE WEST.

---

## AN INVOCATION.



WAKE, awake, and strike thy lyre  
To many a tuneful measure ;  
And when thou feel'st the latent fire,  
Ere yet its glowing flame expire,  
Give back thy own heart's treasure.

Though all uncultured is thy song,  
And dull thy choicest note,  
Still may'st thou e'en the strain prolong,  
As untold visions round thee throng,  
And o'er thy pathway float.

Yield up, yield up the thoughts that burn  
Upon thy spirit now ;

Unheeded they may not return  
At balmy eve and dewy morn,  
Where'er thou come or go.

Oh ! golden, golden are the hours,  
That waiteth thus for thee ;  
And not among the earth's fair bowers  
The gentle dew among the flowers  
Passeth more fleet away.

## MY EARLY HOME.

In the western part of the State of New York, are seven beautiful lakes, viz: Seneca, Canandaigua, Owasco, Otisco, Skaneateles, Crooked Lake, and Cayuga, which forms the subject of the following poem:

“Amid the seven fair lakes, that lie,  
Like mirrors 'neath the summer sky.”

ENSENORE.

CAYUGA, fairest of them all,  
Cayuga, when thy name I call,  
A thousand tender thoughts return,  
Which long have slept in memory's urn;  
Of home and friends now passed away,  
Like sunbeams from the brow of day.  
Or like the gossamer of air  
That dies, we know not when or where.  
Cayuga, where thy waters glide,  
I've wandered oft at eventide,  
To cull young moss and violets blue,  
Which on thy banks profusely grew.  
The summer sun shone brightly then,  
On every hill, in every glen;  
The poplar trembled in the breeze,  
The sweet birds sang among the trees,  
The dark pine with the zephyr's moan,  
Broke on my ear, as oft alone

With lingering steps, I paused to dwell  
On scenes my young heart loved so well.  
O! many a year has passed away,  
Since I have watched the ripples play  
Upon thy bosom.

Ah! since then,  
A "place of graves" is in the glen;  
Of household graves, of great and small,  
Together they are gathered, all;  
There sleeps the sire, and there the son,  
And sisters followed, one by one;  
Consumption with its hectic glow,  
Hath wasted life, and laid them low.

Home of the living and the dead,  
I ne'er again may lightly tread  
The halls where once thy feet have trod,  
Or weep above thy lowly sod;  
But thou Cayuga! with thy wave  
Of silver, thou dost ever lave  
That dearly loved, but distant shore,  
While I return, return no more.

## ASPIRATIONS.

"Learn by a mortal yearning to ascend, seeking a higher object."—WORDSWORTH.

UPWARD, yes, still upward,  
Soul, be thy flight ;  
Till no grovelling senses  
Bewilder thy sight ;  
Glorified the rather,  
Should thy glimpses be,  
Though the eternal pages,  
Lie wrapt in mystery.

Nought on earth compareth  
With thy matchless worth ;  
Check not thy impulses,  
But let them go forth ;  
Send thy dove from thee,  
And the weary wing,  
If rightly directed,  
A rich blessing may bring.

Swaying o'er the ocean  
Of grief, pain and care,  
The dark sea of sorrow,  
Let it hover there ;

An olive branch 't will bear thee,  
Of peace, hope and love ;  
Emblems of higher rest,  
In the mansions above.

Be like the timid bird,  
Halting in her flight ;  
Poised on the trembling bough,  
Through the storm and night ;  
Though the brittle branches may  
Break beneath her hold ;  
Not the less singeth she ;  
As her wings unfold.

Wings to soar the upper sky,  
Beneficently given ;  
High above the barren cliffs,  
By the tempests riven ;  
Up into the sunshine  
And refulgent light,  
Skies all with azure tinted,  
Golden-hued, and bright.

Where the stars sing together,  
Ever on, and on,  
And the blest tune their harps  
Around the white throne ;  
Where the radiant orbs of day  
Circle as of yore,  
And the music of the spheres  
Ceaseth never more.

## THE FIRST DREAM OF THE HEART.

THE heart's first dream, how fond and fair,  
How fraught with wondrous meaning ;  
When, with eye to eye, we look beyond,  
As heart unto heart is leaning.

Hand clasped in hand, a link in the chain,  
That binds two souls together,  
And shuts them out from the chilling rain,  
The snow and the wintry weather.

But dreams are transient in their birth,  
As the meteor flash above us ;  
As the passing sigh, or the song of mirth,  
Or the smiles of those who love us.

We dream the most at the morning tide,  
When life is freshly glowing ;  
But the fairy visions leave our side,  
Alas ! without our knowing.

But O ! the first sweet dream of morn,  
We greet until the awaking,  
To find our bower left forlorn,  
Forsaken, and forsaking.

To find our heart like some lone bird,  
Far in the wild-wood straying ;  
Whose dead leaves by the winds are stirred,  
A plaintive requiem playing.



THE BEAUTIFUL ISLE.

COME, moor our boat up to the beautiful isle,  
The sunshine waves o'er it, the glad breezes smile ;  
Green leaves sweetly blend with the gold from above,  
O ! it must be the beautiful island of Love.

The breakers out yonder have gone to their rest,  
Among the green nooks to their pillows are prest ;  
How softly the billows come into the bay,  
Like weary young children when tired of play.

As the child's fitful slumbers in dreams of the night,  
So they waken, and glitter, and rise to the light ;  
For dreams have their terrors, and darkness is drear,  
But a kind hand is o'er us, and daylight is near.

Yes, now it is near, for the glow on the sky,  
Like the light wings of angels, flits silently by,  
Till a halo of glory rests over the main,  
As if 't were the spot where a seraph had lain.

And as calmly and peacefully while she had slept,  
A power unseen o'er her vigils had kept,  
A watch like a mother's beside her first-born,  
So pure and so holy, this first breath of morn.

But the spells of the spirit, like spirits, have wings,  
And most rapturous of moods are the fleetest of things,  
Like the perfume of vases exposed to the air;  
Like flowers in fading, like all that is fair.

## PALMYRA, THE CITY OF PALMS.

AGES on ages back, when Time was young,  
And late the birth of Christ the angels sung,  
When the lone desert in its silence lay,  
Save when awakened by its Arab sway,  
An empire sprung up from the burning sands,  
The glory and the envy of all lands.

Palmyra, glorious empire, desert queen,  
Amid the blackened waste, an oasis green ;  
A star to shine above the dark midnight,  
To gild its gloomy gates with gleams of light,  
The Tadmor of the wilderness no more,  
So named of Solomon in days of yore ;  
But the palm city, with its thousand groves,  
The scene of Zenobia and Odenatus' loves.

Zenobia, fair daughter of an Arab chief,  
Begotten of Amron to endure grief,  
To wear a widow's weeds before her prime,  
Endowed with wisdom far beyond her time ;  
Her chosen masters were of ancient lore,  
Homer and Sophocles, Thucydides, and more ;  
Diving with Plato down each deep abyss,  
Unawed by philosophic mysteries.

Such was Zenobia, first and only queen,  
That e'er was crowned within that island green.

Zenobia, though a woman, manlike, bold,  
To turn the sullen sands to gems of gold,  
To perfect what a meaner mind begun,  
Till e'en her temples soared to reach the sun  
A female Solomon in all save his vices,  
His love of ease, and many more caprices ;  
Such was she, when to stud her royal crown,  
Jerusalem, Damascus, Antioch, came down,  
Like maids, to stand around a new made bride ;  
Thus kingdoms gathered to her royal side :  
Where broad-leaved palm trees towered to the skies,  
Did stately domes and palaces arise ;  
And marble columns, obelisks, and towers,  
Gleamed back the sunshine in a thousand showers  
Of burnished gold brought far from many mines.  
Alas ! such splendor now no longer shines !

The twilight lingers, of a sky that shone  
For her, the beautiful — for her alone —  
Whose hand had helped to crown with grace and skill ;  
Would that its glory were remaining still ;  
A fairy land, and she the fairy queen,  
Illustrious as its own fair Palmyrene.

But ah ! that glittering crown fell from her brow !  
Where are the green leaves of Palmyra now ?

Where the broad stream of wealth from the Indian  
main?

The caravans, a treasure-laden train  
Of gems and gold, and birds of plumage gay,  
And flowers that seemed might never fade away;  
Gone, gone, alas! into the silent land;  
The ashes of a thousand centuries stand  
To mark the noble wreck so famed of yore,  
Palmyra fallen, Zenobia no more.

## THEODORE.

O FRIEND of my bosom, farewell ! fare thee well !  
For thy loved form hath faded in silence away ;  
But the love that enchained like a magical spell,  
Thy heart within mine, is still burning to-day.

My heart flew to thine like a dove to its cote,  
From the storm that hung over a threatening sky ;  
'T was thy love gave my spirit its answering note,  
And first taught my weak and unfledged wings to fly.

Would that no careless word cast a shadow on thee,  
While so lonely I bend o'er thy dust-laden shrine ;  
But alas ! that the love that was faithless to me,  
Should in thrall hold a heart that was ne'er false to  
thine.

But my spirit shall draw a veil over the past  
That will reach far adown through the ages of time,  
To hide a false love far too fickle to last :  
O ! the heart can forgive with a feeling sublime.

May the ashes of roses be spread like a pall  
O'er thy relics to perfume the place of thy sleep ;  
And the wrong thou hast wrought, thy blind passion and  
all,  
Be merged in a record of virtues to keep.

Let me weep my belovèd, for tears have a power,  
To submerge the heart's grief, within it that lies,  
As the over charged floods from the heavens that lower,  
But bring back the calm and the blue of the skies.

## MY OWN.

My own, my beautiful, O where  
Dost thou repose to-day ;  
Or sportest with an airy grace,  
Along thy youthful way ?

Thou art as fair as Sharon's rose,  
Or lily of the vale ;  
Shedding an influence as sweet,  
As some far southern gale.

Thou art like roses' rare perfume,  
Of the sweet month of June ;  
Or like the softest airs that play  
In summer hours at noon.



THE PICTURE IN THE HEART.

THERE 's a well remembered picture,  
Which I wear within my heart ;  
And with the joy it brings to me,  
I should unwilling be to part.

Oftentimes, at early morning,  
As I look upon its lines,  
Drawn with wondrous skill and beauty,  
To my eye it brightly shines.

How the landscape ever varies,  
Pictured with a magic art ;  
Here and there are groups reclining,  
And some frail ones far apart.

I can see one over yonder,  
Fair as any 'neath the sun ;  
With its young life's limning ended,  
Scarcely ere it was begun.

O ! the radiant blue, encircling  
That fair head, and fairer brow ;  
From the arching skies cerulean,  
Its golden light shines on me now.

There are trees with greenest foliage  
Where the sweet-voiced birds doth sing;  
And as bends my ear for music,  
Bear me on their silent wing.

There 's a miniature streamlet  
Bearing down toward the glade;  
And a mimic boat is sailing,  
Softly onward to the shade.

Here a tiny barque is mooring,  
To a high and sandy shore;  
To and fro dim forms are gliding,  
But I hear their steps no more.

O! white waves, like wings of angels,  
Bearing upward to the strand,  
Like a sea-bird soaring onward;  
Come ye from the shadowy Land?

Come to bear away my treasures,  
As the green trees o'er ye wave?  
Yes, ye have wreaths for the bridal,  
And a cypress for the grave.

See, the canvas moves like magic,  
With new scenes and prospects rife;  
And, like ebbing sands are flowing  
O'er my soul, and such is life.

So, of light and shade the picture  
    Varies to my vivid eye,  
As the northern lights in winter  
    Flash along the bended sky.

## THE MOTHER'S PRAYER.

WHERE time-worn tenements unsightly reared  
Their walls high o'er a lone, secluded street;  
Within an humble room aside from all,  
Scantily furnished, and withal but few,  
The cozy comforts we ~~are~~ wont to find;  
Upon a stool close by a pallet low,  
And o'er a sleeping form that rested there  
A mother bent, and kept her holy watch.

She was a young mother, for on her head  
Scarce twenty summers had their traces left;  
And yet she looked as twenty summers twice  
Had limned their shadows o'er her devious way;  
For grief and sorrow both had left their lines  
On her fair face, that *was* fair as the morn;  
And she had learned to sigh.

A deep drawn sigh,  
Had oft escaped her lips, mingled with prayers,  
And tears, and bitter anguish, and the damps  
Of humid eyes were yet upon her brow.  
A few faint embers struggled in the grate,  
To light the low bed where the sleeper lay;  
And just reveal the open palms that clasped  
The brows of the pale watcher by its side.

Her thoughts were of the past, the far away,  
And faded scenes of childhood flitted by,  
As withered flowers borne before the winds;  
And all around her heart promiscuous lay,  
Like scattered fragments from a broken vase;  
And so, she gathered up the memories  
That once her heart had garnered in its depths;  
Each one had found within her soul its own  
Sweet echo, answering back in kindred tones;  
Alas! they had died out, like the murmurs  
Of wasted shells upon a wild sea-shore.

But still she pondered, thought, and wept, and prayed,  
Mingled with glimpses of her childhood's home,  
Like snatches of a well remembered strain,  
Upon an unstrung lute, the key-note lost;  
Yet, the remaining strings would give forth sound,  
Though jarring and discordant.

Her heart's lute  
Was vibrating to sounds of other days;  
Some of the strings were broken asunder, still  
Enough were left to show what it had been:  
She mused upon the time when *she* had lain  
A helpless infant in the sheltering crib,  
Nursed by a mother tenderly as she  
O'er her unconscious son now slumbering there;  
And then she thought upon the flowers she plucked  
When first her eyes were oped to the delights  
Of nature that had ne'er been miserly

To her, but with a lavish hand had spread  
Her path with roses.

She had found the thorns,  
But erst she was a maiden fond and true ;  
And to her side there came a lover bold,  
And questioned if she would become his bride.  
Her cheeks were like blush-roses in the Junes  
That had passed o'er them, making them as fair ;  
So, with her modest eyes, she smiled assent,  
And they were no more twain.

The honey moon  
Shone sweetly on their fairy, nuptial bower,  
And not a cloud obscured its radiant disc,  
Not even one little fleecy white cloud  
Passed between it and the bridal bays,  
As token of a shadow that might fall  
To dim the one unto the other's sight.  
The shadow did fall, waking many sighs,  
But not yet, so, together on they walked,  
Heart linked to heart, and hand in hand, and she  
Oft listened to his honeyed words of love  
Till she reposed her trusting soul in his,  
With such devotion as but woman can,  
Not dreaming that he could betray such trust ;  
And she became a mother ; of her life-blood  
There flowed another stream commensurate  
With time and with eternity.

'T was that,

That thought which filled her sinking soul with dread.  
She had brought forth a being that must live  
Eternally, and yet perhaps might be  
Doomed to eternal death through sin and shame,  
Why should she not rejoice in this rich gift  
From the Great Giver of all, every good ;  
Why should she not wait, hope, to see the bud  
Expanded to the perfect flower, and then  
Behold it rise and grow diviner still,  
From tiny bud, and mature flower, to  
The stately tree, within whose branching shade,  
Even she might sit from out the noonday sun ?  
The babe was a boy, and had its father's look,  
The same high noble brow—the seat of thought—  
The same dark, curling hair, and ebon eyes ;  
And his lips bore the smile his father's wore ;  
He whom she loved but as her other self ;  
And why was not all this a cause for joy ?  
Alas ! alas ! shall it be said ? ah ! yes,  
Whisper it low, he was a drunkard now,  
Friends clustered round him in his festal hours,  
But they were false friends, and they lured him from  
His allegiance to his plighted love.

At first, 't was but the ruby bowl, whose wines  
Sparkled like gems around the necks of kings ;  
But soon he found it was a chain whose links  
Had bound him with its iron fetters strong ;  
Until from out the maddening bowl he drained

The poison dregs, and lost all sense of manhood.  
He knew not even of the lovely morn  
Those little eyes first opened to the light,  
And a sweet cherub voice had called him father;  
Where was the poor inebriate that lone night  
Wherein she sat and prayed, and prayed, and prayed;  
A heart-felt, gushing, agonizing prayer,  
That reached not his ear, but the ear of God?  
If thou had'st asked the fair moon if she sent  
Her kindling beams to guide him to his home,  
She had made answer, "No, I am too pure  
To look upon a loathsome wine-bibber—'t would  
Defile my face despite the fleecy whiteness  
Of my snowy veil, and leave thereon a stain:"  
The bright stars, too, would hide their twinkling light,  
If such were possible, nor see him pass.  
Leave him in darkness, fit his deeds for that;  
And go back to the lone watcher with soft tread,  
For she was listening for his footstep now.  
Awhile she spoke, and thus in low, sad tones:

"O Jesus, Saviour, and Redeemer, mine;  
Look with compassion on thy child this night,  
Earth-weary, worn in the tired, toilsome way;  
Where bare thorns pierce my naked, bleeding feet:  
At thy footsool let me bow, Compassionate One;  
And listen thou unto my ardent prayer.

I bring a gift to thee—a priceless gift—  
Yet, only give back what thou gavest me;



Baptized with a suffering mother's tears,  
And purer than the first drops of the morning  
Dew, or snowflake from the fleecy cloud. .

Oh !

Take him now, my Father, before the world  
Shall sully the fair spirit of my fair boy ;  
Although it break my heart, take, take him now,  
Lest he should live to blush a mother's love ;  
Lest he should live to blight a mother's hopes ;  
Lest he should live to fill the inebriate's grave ;  
And if thou wilt take him from the world away,  
I will but smile what time I am smoothing down  
The parted locks above his angel brow ;  
And the last kiss imprint and feel as calm  
As when he smiled, and kissed me back again,  
And I will fold his little hands upon  
His breast as if he sweetly fell asleep ;  
Then, Father, send his lovely angel down  
To bear him up to Thee, away, away,  
Far from the curse, to wear a seraph's crown."

A hush, a lull in that lone bosom's strife,  
There was no sound; silent, spiritual  
Communication between earth and heaven ;  
The morning broke, 't was heard—the Mother's Prayer.

## THE WINDS.

WAILING and sobbing and shrieking by,  
In the day and the night-time mournfully ;  
Could they but speak with a trumpet tongue,  
And tell of the scenes they had passed among,  
The cheek would blanch, and the heart turn pale,  
As the sad winds told the sorrowful tale,

Have ye passed o'er the field of carnage, say,  
And wiped the death dews from the brow away ;  
Where the mighty lay with their glory gone,  
While ye in your terrible strength rushed on ;  
Laden with tears and sighs and groans,  
Was it there ye did gather those fearful moans ?

Ye have come from the sea with its treacherous wave,  
Which hides in its dark depths many a grave ;  
As the barque went down did ye lift your breath,  
To hurry it on to the gates of death ?  
Come, tell of the trophies which ye have won,  
Of your conquests, and deeds of darkness done.

Ye have been with the tempest and swept o'er the main,  
And many a tall tree now lies on the plain,  
All scathed ; of its beauty and comeliness shorn,

Which ye, in your wrath and your fury have torn.  
Oh ! winds, fearless winds, give the dread secrets back,  
Which have laid in your footsteps, and followed your  
track.

But not always with the might of your breath do ye  
bring

Evil tidings, or songs for the desolate sing,  
As curses and blessings oft go hand in hand,  
So bring ye both evil and good to the land ;  
But tell us, oh ! tell us where'er ye have been,  
Ye have voices, stern voices, say what have ye seen ?

Ye give back no answer, pass on in your might,  
'Mid the light of the day, and the darkness of night ;  
'T is of no use to question, all sealed is the book,  
On whose pages the daring not even may look ;  
Unfettered ye are, and no strong hand may stay,  
Or follow your wanderings, away ! away !

## TO AN EVENING STAR.

GIVE me thy beaming, O ! beautiful star,  
So softly gleaming on high and afar ;  
Pierce the dark vales with thy glimmering light,  
Shine on forever, to gladden the night.

Down through the vista of fast-flowing years,  
Scatter hope's bright rays, dispelling the fears ;  
Illumine the waters of Life's troubled sea,  
Darkness will fade, where thy sweet rays be.

Give me thy beaming, O ! beautiful star,  
One little gleam of thy glory afar ;  
Fill my soul's shades with thy glittering light,  
Shine till the morning shall follow the night.

## SIGNS OF SPRING.

It is spring's alchemic finger,  
That hath touch'd the willows green,  
Their lithe shoots turned to golden wands,  
By fairy brooklets seen ;  
And silver-dusted foilage tells,  
Where its first breath has been.

The new meadow grass is blading,  
Last year's storm-bleached tufts among ;  
The landscape beautifully spread,  
With tender green along ;  
The budding branches overhead,  
Are redolent with song

Of birds from far off bowers,  
From some sultry southern clime ;  
Coming to wake, with carols sweet,  
The lovely summer time ;  
And thrill, and cheer, and gladden,  
When the year is in its prime.

It is nature's new awakening,  
Most glorious to behold ;  
The resurrection of dry bones,  
From her valley dark and cold ;  
Of this strange pass from death to life,  
The half can ne'er be told.

## THE MOSS ROSE.

THE guardian angel of the flowers  
Who in their shadows lay,  
Slumbered amid the floral bowers  
Beneath a rose one day.

Awaking from her sweet repose,  
Within the fragrant shade,  
What further offering to the rose,  
She thought, can still be made.

And thus she spoke in accents mild,  
And simple dalliance free :  
“My fairest and my loveliest child,  
What can I give to thee,

To add unto thy queenly grace,  
And regal majesty ;  
To help thee to adorn thy place ?  
Say what the gift shall be.”

The spirit of the rose-tree now  
Made answer on this wise :  
“Seek not to hang upon my brow,  
The hue of summer skies,

But simply twine around my face,  
A wreath of living green,"  
And the moss-rose of all the race,  
Most beautiful is seen.

## ABSENCE.

I THINK of thee,  
When morning light  
Hath chased away  
The shades of night ;  
When thinkest thou of me ?

I think of thee,  
At even tide,  
As I have often  
At thy side ;  
Where thinkest thou of me ?

I think of thee,  
With thoughts most true ;  
For such are ever  
All thy due ;  
How thinkest thou of me ?

Oh ! think of me,  
By night and day ;  
Till we meet again,  
I fondly pray ;  
For I ever think of thee.



## MAGENTA.

WHAT bard shall seek, in fitting strains, to celebrate its  
praise,  
And o'er the bloody battle field a lofty pean raise,  
Of brothers, husbands, fathers, sons, steeped with the  
reddest gore,  
Who, by the altar and the hearth, may mingle never-  
more?

It hath a place of hecatombs, hundreds of forms com-  
pressed  
Together in one mass, a ghastly, weltering heap they  
rest,  
Without one tender hand to wipe the dew of death  
away,  
Or shed affection's tear, the last gift to the lifeless clay.

Let childless mothers go and weep above that blood-  
stained sod,  
Where the blessed feet they listen for in vain, their last  
have trod,  
For where the prancing steed and rider, armed in glit-  
tering mail,  
Went forth, they left mementoes there, to make the  
cheek turn pale.

The wife may gather to her breast the pledges of their  
love,  
And from her home all desolate, now only look above,  
For she shall vainly watch for him, through long and  
weary days,  
Who was the light of her fond eyes, far from her side  
he lays.

The bride of but an hour may now put off her orange  
flowers,  
And leave them under sunnier skies, to bloom in other  
bowers,  
Her noble lord hath bowed in spirit to another shrine,  
And she lives to see her bridal day of one short sun  
decline.

The lover and the loved, alas! they ne'er again shall  
meet,  
And through the long, long summer hours give place to  
parlance sweet ;  
Another hand than hers hath laid a garland on his  
brow ;  
Why waits she, and why comes he not, why does he  
linger now ?

The gentle daughter mourns the guardian of her youth-  
ful years,  
And life's gay morning bright and fair, hath lines of  
grief and tears,

For o'er the sunshine of her soul unwelcome shadows  
steal,  
As she listens to the clash of arms, the cannon's deadly  
peal.

The sister, sad and pensive now, hath laid aside her  
mirth,  
To think awhile of blighted hopes, and broken ties of  
birth —  
O! the beauty and the glory, and the strength of man-  
hood's prime ;  
They have perished, as do rare exotics, in a foreign  
clime.

The sea may boast its myriad graves, though hidden  
from the sight,  
As it wraps them in its coral caves of shells and sea-  
weed bright ;  
The pestilence may sweep the earth, a scourge to every  
land,  
But cruel and relentless war slays with a stronger hand.

Magenta hath a power now to wake the slumbering lyre ;  
'Tis far-famed as a charnel house, a vast and solemn  
pyre ;  
As votaries from every land built high the funeral pile,  
And eyes bedewed with bitter tears looked on and wept  
the while.

## THE BEAUTY OF LICHENS AND MOSSES.

EARTH's floral gems are they, beautiful things,  
Covering its blemishes from sight,  
Blooming forever and fading not,  
Charming the eye, with their silver light.  
The rock, all unsightly, may tower on high,  
The loving gray lichen will cling to its side,  
The structure decaying, a frame work may lie,  
For the iris-dyed mosses its ruin to hide.

Meek, unassuming, and merciful things,  
Veiling with pity, the footprints of time,  
Gracefully simple, and pensively sweet,  
Gift-bearing blossoms for every clime.  
No parching heat of the summer suns,  
May blanch their bosses of beaming green,  
Nor frost finger tarnish the rubied bloom,  
Or the lustre bright of their starry sheen.

Living eternally, fadeless things,  
Biding the storms of a thousand years,  
Crowning the far-off mountain's peak,  
With the radiant hues the sunset wears.  
Enduring and hardy as the rocks  
On which they rest; the tempest in vain  
May fall, with mildew breath, to blight  
The deep drawn limnings of orange stain.

Lovely in lowliness, beautiful things,  
    Though torn into shreds for the wild bird's nest,  
Or, weaving no chaplet to bind the brow,  
    May pillow the wearied child to rest.  
The trees of the forest, the builder shapes,  
    To follow the wake of the foaming wave,  
But where tombstones, like solemn sentinels stand,  
    These take up their watch by the lonely grave.

## LINES TO A FALSE LOVER.

SINCE thou hast learned to look and smile  
    Upon another kindly,  
And I have sadly learned the while,  
    That I but loved thee blindly ;  
Since from my eyes the vail hath fell,  
    That hid a faithless lover,  
Alas ! I ne'er can love as well,  
    My dream of love is over.

Yet, I had lavished fondest love,  
    My heart was rich in giving,  
And all deceptive arts above,  
    But in thy truth believing :—  
O ! colder than the touch of death,  
    It smote my heart-strings, crushing  
The vital source of love's warm breath ;  
    Thy baseness, bare, unblushing.

My fond heart beats yet fainter now,  
    Than e'er for thee 't was beating,  
The guilty semblance of thy brow,  
    Its faith no longer cheating : —  
For from my eyes the vail hath fell  
    That hid thee, faithless lover, —  
I never more can love as well,  
    My dream of love is over.

## THE STAR OF HOPE.

A PEERLESS star, that comes flickering by,  
When other bright stars have left the sky,  
Like the sunbeam, it shines when the shadow is near,  
Linked like sorrow and gladness, the smile and the tear.

When o'er the horizon the heavy cloud looms,  
To the wandering eye, as a beacon it comes,  
And its faintest ray hath a magical power  
To scatter the gloom of the dreariest hour.

'T is the light that looks down on the ocean of life,  
When its billows are surging with storm, and with strife,  
'T is the bright bow of promise, that 's set in the cloud,  
When the fiery shaft comes, and the thunder is loud.

It can hush the wild passions, like waters that sleep,  
When the calm layeth soft on the face of the deep,  
Until from the tempest-torn heart will arise,  
The incense of music that reaches the skies.

Bright star ! when the dreams of the morning shall fade,  
Fairy visions our over-wrought fancy had made,  
Though paler the ray, yet the truer the light,  
Of thy beams as they peer through the pall of the night.

When the hopes that in sunnier hours, were born,  
Die out, as the stars die at breaking of morn,  
Till the raven-like wings that hang brooding shall flee,  
We will turn, unbewildered, and trusting, to thee.



## THE SUMMER LEAF.

It gently swayèd to and fro,  
Swung by the summer air,  
And o'er the yawning depths below,  
It hung as frail as fair.

But when a ruder breath rushed by,  
It swept the leaf away ;  
And when the storm had left the sky,  
Far from the tree it lay.

Upon the swollen stream below,  
It floated with the tide ;  
Nor truer did full-sailed barque I know,  
Than that lone leaflet glide.

Until by circling eddies tossed,  
It reached the farther shore ;  
And even the frantic waters crossed,  
Storm-struck and swept no more.

As though it were a thing of life,  
From thence a thought did come ;  
To bravely bear each storm and strife,  
We meet away from home.

## HERMIONE;

## OR, THE HEART NOT AT REST.

SPIRIT of woman ! Thou of the longing heart,  
Which still, 'mid grosser essence leaves its part,  
Mixed and mysterious, like all things below,  
And but the hardest lesson yet to know,  
Which bears its pain, and throbs, still throbbing on,  
And Life's cold altar thrusts its cares upon ;  
As the consuming fires the fiercer blaze,  
Fed by the dry leaves, from the tangled maze,  
Fanned by the wayward winds from each wild plain,  
That laden with life's dust return again,  
To blind the vision of its upward sight,  
With strange commingling of the day and night.

Hermione doth whisper : " O ! my heart, my life !  
How shall I bear thee through this beating strife ;  
How shall my soul stand straight amid the storm  
Of eddy winds around my shrinking form ?

The breaking of each heart string, what will stay ?  
Or what will wash these clammy dewes away ?  
Or fan the fever heat from the flushed cheek ;  
And calm my restless soul to spirit meek ?

The burden of humanity, my own,  
We may not, cannot, do not bear alone ;  
He holds the earth, heart, life, and every fate,  
And though the curse and blessing sometimes mate,  
The offspring shall be peace, white-robed and pure ;  
And more than all the past, or present sure.”  
“ Believe,” the voice hath said, “ and thou shalt live ;  
And all life’s mysteries to the Master give.”

## LAST WORDS.

"It is beautiful."—CARRIE ROCKWOOD.

WHAT was "beautiful," dear, to thy closing eye?  
Was 't a vision of paradise flitting by?  
A realized dream of the Heavenly Land,  
Awakened to see by the Master's Hand?

What was "beautiful," dear, a glorified form,  
That had set a bow in the passing storm,  
Till the cloud was all merged in a silver light,  
As the last dim shadow passed from thy sight?

What was "beautiful," dear, the angelic host,  
That vied in its Maker's praises most,  
With which thy beauty and greatness vied,  
The day in which thou wert glorified?

What was "beautiful," dear, the starry crown,  
To take the place of the world's rude frown,  
Perpetual June roses with no thorn,  
As thou left 'st behind on that last June morn?

What was "beautiful," dear, thy path of light,  
Afar, far over this realm of night,  
Where neither the light of the sun, nor moon,  
Could a lustre add to His cloudless noon?

What was "beautiful," dear, the face to face,  
With His indescribable, matchless grace?  
There is no reply to each thrilling call,  
Although thou art filled with the All in All.

## TO THE FALSE HEARTED.

AND thou hast fickle proved at last,  
And false as well could be ;  
A shadow lieth on the past,  
Though filled with thoughts of thee.  
I looked for truth, but falsehood came,  
And now the magic of thy name  
Hath lost its charm for me ;  
Perchance a brighter, happier day,  
May dawn when this has passed away.

Take back the lock of shining hair,  
That hung above thy brow ;  
Like thee, it is as false as fair,  
And cannot please me now.  
I treasure not a gift of thine,  
Nor shall a memory of mine  
Be waked to whisper how  
I weakly listened to thy wiles,  
Lured on by thy deceitful smiles.

O ! I have striven to forget  
The deepest wrong of all ;  
But burning thoughts come o'er me yet,  
Which I would ne'er recall.

Thy sun hath set no more to rise,  
And daily from the darkened skies,  
    Will the dense vapors fall,  
To enshroud thee with their misty light,  
Foreshadowing a deeper night.

## MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

"The evil that men do lives after them."—SHAKESPEARE.

ILL-FATED Queen of Scotia's isle,  
Within whose sea-girt home,  
Where softest sunbeams slept the while,  
Did deeper shadows come.

To enshroud her with their misty light  
In darkness all too soon,  
And turn her youthful day to night,  
Ere it had reached its noon.

But then, the dignity and grace  
With which her fate was met,  
Have won for her a glorious place ;  
Her sun can never set.

For, woman-like, she yielded up,  
Honors she should have borne,  
And drank at last the bitter cup  
Of mingled shame and scorn.

While Britain's proud and pompous Queen,  
Lifted the weapon high,  
And looked upon its glittering sheen,  
With cold and steady eye :



She knew full well the murderous blade  
    Would leave its shining sheath,  
Which her imperious will had made,  
    To do the work of death.

And was her pillow thornless, say ?  
    And dreams, say, had she none  
Of where her captive cousin lay,  
    Within her prison lone ?

Or, can the stain be washed away  
    From that right royal page ;  
And guiltless does she stand to-day,  
    In this enlightened age ?

No ! all her glory cannot hide,  
    The cruelty, and shame,  
The strange abuse of power and pride,  
    That mingles with her name.

She was the daughter of a sire,  
    Who had a thirst for blood,  
And from the victims of his ire,  
    It flowed a fearful flood.

She saw her mother's life crushed out,  
    In her young infant time ;  
And deeds, perhaps she ne'er had thought,  
    Were fostered in her prime.

She saw her sister's bloody hand,  
Imbrued in England's gore;  
And was it strange, that she should stand  
Where such had stood before?

But, turn we from the appalling sight,  
To gentle Mary's tomb;  
Whose hopeful spirit, in its flight,  
Relieves the gathering gloom.

As meekly she knelt down that day,  
Upon a scaffold high,  
And gave her precious life away,  
And taught us how to die.

LIGHT AND DARKNESS.

SLOWLY now the wing of darkness,  
Gathers on the tired sight ;  
But the eye can bear its softness,  
Better than the garish light.

Not alone the noon-day splendor,  
Would the eye when weary, meet,  
Watching for the lengthening shadows  
All along the dusty street.

Watching, waiting for the morning,  
Clear and calm, and sweet and still ;  
When the dew drops idly lingering,  
Meet the sunlight on the hill.

All night long they softly nestled,  
Where the sweetest flowers lay,  
To imbibe their balmy fragrance,  
Taking all the dust away.

When the blight of years is creeping,  
O'er the verdure of the mind ;  
May the dew as gently falling,  
Youth and freshness leave behind.

Blotting out the dingy waymarks,  
That have gathered on the sight,  
All the lurking, lingering shadows,  
Of the darkness and the light.

I SING TO THEE.

WHEN the moon is up in the starry sky,  
And the gentle breeze comes whispering by,  
Like the touch of harp strings mournfully,  
I sing to thee.

When the stars are shining clear and bright,  
In the calm, the still, the sweet moonlight,  
'Mid the voices of the shadowy night,  
I sing to thee.

Chanting a song of a bygone-day, -  
Of one so loved—away, away—  
Thou canst not hear the murmuring lay,  
I sing to thee.

As the magic touch of fairy fingers,  
O'er a silent lute where music lingers,  
Or the silvery tones of sweet-voiced singers,  
I 'd sing to thee.

Like echoes o'er the blue wave stealing,  
Now faintly far, now closely pealing,  
So, echoes of the heart revealing,  
I 'd sing to thee.

Give back thy voice—where art thou keeping?  
What shadow o'er thy spirit sleeping?  
Answer as sounds so wildly sweeping,  
I sing to thee.

Nor cease my song—oh, never, never!  
Though many a wave and mountain sever  
Our kindred hearts, forever, ever,  
I sing to thee, to thee.

TRIBUTE.

TO ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

AMID the sunshine and the showers ;  
When lo ! upon the wingèd hours,  
    There came a solemn knell ;  
    Like some strange, startling spell,  
Sadly, yet sweetly to my ear,  
And, wonderingly, I paused to hear,  
    Each widely deepening swell.

It came across the sounding wave,  
In echoes from thy far-off grave ;  
    From the damp, heavy sods,  
    From the cumbrous valley clods,  
That fell upon thy coffin lid,  
And from our gaze thy light form hid ;  
    No longer ours, but God's.

"Not here, but risen," I heard the tone ;  
And saw the undimmed light that shone,  
    From "Casa Guidi Windows ;"  
    O'er all the pleasant meadows,  
Bright as the sun's last setting rays,  
Refulgent most at close of days,  
    Just at the dawn of shadows.

Thus brightly set thine earthly sun,  
Most glorious when thy race was run,  
And through the realms elysian,  
Thou saw'st the "Eternal vision ;"  
So beautiful thou didst express,  
One passing word with us to impress,  
Thy glorified transition.

Upon whom did thy mantle fall?  
Where here we sing, thou queen of all;  
As erst the Prophet's fell,  
Begetting like a spell,  
Within the blest one kindred lore ;  
Alas ! like thee who singeth more ?  
And who can sing as well ?

Would I one ray from thy wing might see,  
Would I one song might sing like thee ;  
One beautiful refrain,  
Repeated o'er again,  
Till it should seem Phoenix-like, it came  
From the ashes that have borne thy name,  
Dead, but alive again.



THE BURIAL BELL.

"Mournfully, mournfully tolleth the bell,  
Yes, mournfully, mournfully chimeth it well."

TOLL, toll, toll,  
A knell for the dead, the dead,  
And strike all hearts with dread,  
For the feast of death is spread,  
The last sad service read,  
And around the confined head,  
The feet of the mourners tread;

Toll, toll, toll.  
Ring out a requiem grand,  
For the mourning in the land,  
There is a sorrowing band,  
That round a low bier stand.

Toll fast, toll slow,  
Toll loud, toll low,  
The echoes throw  
O'er the vale below,  
Down in the shadowy dale,  
Where they gather the lilies pale,  
And where sighs the gentle gale ;  
Toll, toll, toll.

Toll, toll, toll,  
For the infant on its bier,  
For the stricken mother's tear,

For the little brother's fear,  
When the sable hearse comes near,  
When the falling clods they hear,  
Down in the grave-yard drear ;

Toll, toll, toll.

Ring with a muffled knell ;  
With a gently rounded swell ;  
Only enough to tell,  
That it doth with the angels dwell.

Toll low, toll low,

Toll low, toll low ;

Lest the sound should start

Blood from the heart

Of the mother wild with woe,  
For her darling lying low,  
Where the blue-eyed violets grow,  
Toll, toll, toll.

Toll, toll, toll,

For the maiden in her prime,  
Cut off in youth's sweet time,  
In her years' young summer time  
Like a flower in foreign clime,  
Strike with a sound sublime,  
Unmixed with vulgar rime ;

Toll, toll, toll.

Ring for the shortened space,  
That earth beheld her face ;  
For the sweet and matchless grace  
That lies covered on her face.

Toll soft, toll sweet,  
Toll true, toll meet,  
For the maiden fair  
With her braided hair ;  
For they hid her curls away,  
Where the midnight vapors play,  
And the sombre shadows lay ;  
Toll, toll, toll.

Toll, toll, toll,  
Thy strokes for the aged sire,  
Three-score and never tire ;  
Let him that works the wire,  
Ne'er faint, nor fail with ire,  
But to the task aspire,  
Which thy behests require ;  
Toll, toll, toll.  
Ring out full three-score times  
Yea, seventy counted chimes,  
Let the ever changing chimes,  
Be struck full seventy times ;  
Toll hard, toll high,  
Toll far, toll nigh,  
For the hoary head,  
For the aged dead  
To a new creation born,  
As a ripened shock of corn  
Is gathered in at morn ;  
Toll, toll, toll.

Toll, toll, toll,  
Hark ! how the echoes fly,  
Hark ! how they tremble by ;  
Hark ! how the mourners cry ;  
No eye to-day is dry ;  
Let the stout hearted try,  
To smother the sad bell's cry,  
Toll, toll, toll.

Ring on thou answering bell,  
Aloud on the breezes swell,  
O'er hill and shadowy dell ;  
A sad and sorrowful knell,  
Toll soft, toll sad,  
Toll free, toll glad,  
Each varying strain,  
Again, and again ;  
Joy for a soul in heaven,  
Grief for the hearts bereaven,  
All through the morn and even,  
Toll, toll, toll.

Toll, toll, toll,  
So loud that all may hear,  
And quake with pallid fear,  
When the sounds fall on their ear,  
Of the death knell coming near ;  
Ring out so full and clear,  
That the deafest ear can hear,  
Toll, toll, toll ;

*SONGS OF THE WEST.*

Ring on thou tuneful tongue,  
By a skillful master swung,  
And high in the belfry hung,  
Till the last song is sung.

Toll sad, toll soft,  
Toll far, toll oft,  
The unceasing knell,  
And ever tell

How a weary one found rest ;  
Where the grassy clods are prest  
In a valley of the West ;  
Toll, toll, toll.

*SONGS OF THE WEST.*

THE FAR-AWAY LAND.

YE have heard, ye have heard, of the far-away land,  
    Arrayed in perennial green ;  
Of the barques in the bay that awaiting stand.  
    Of the river that runs between.

Ye have heard, ye have heard, of the flowers that grow  
    On its high, but its viewless shore ;  
Have ye heard the tramp of the feet below,  
    Of the myriads going before ?

Ye have heard, ye have heard, of the streets of gold,  
    And the crowns more golden than they ;  
For the tale of this City is centuries old,  
    And it lies in the land far away.

THE VALLEY OF SHADOWS.

YE have heard of the Valley of Shadows,  
Over measureless space it is spread ;  
With no blooming bosom of verdure,  
Nor green branches hanging o'erhead ;

For the sun shineth not, and the vapors  
Lie over the valley so deep,  
That they cover each devious pathway,  
With a solemn and mystical sweep.

A cold river glides through the Valley,  
And it ceaseth never to flow ;  
As bare feet pearly in whiteness  
Step down in the depths below ;

And forms that are whiter and paler,  
Bathe in the mysterious tide ;  
While myriads are coming and coming  
To the brink of the cold river's side.

For there is a beautiful country,  
Far beyond, but still it is near ;  
Where the sun shines ever in brightness,  
Undimmed by a sigh or a tear ;

So the myriads press onward and onward  
Through the valley and cold river's bed ;  
'T is by a Beatified Presence,  
Their wandering footsteps are led.

When down through the mists of the valley  
The shadows are gathering fast,  
Never fear, for this beautiful country  
Is gained, when its shadows are past.



## THE BRIDAL OF DEATH.

The following poem was written on the occasion of the death of the daughter of Gov PICKENS, of South Carolina, who was killed by a shell during the performance of the marriage ceremony :

A BANQUET room was opened,  
A merry feast was spread ;  
A man of God in priestly robes  
The marriage service read ;  
A maiden fair as morning,  
Too fair for this low sphere ;  
Awhile the festal rites went on,  
Stood at the altar there.

She stood in youth's adornment,  
And in the pride of worth ;  
Prepared a final step to take,  
From the home shelter forth ;  
The sealing words were on her lips,  
Just parted to reply ;  
When lo ! a burning shell was hurled  
Along the silent sky.

It was to that fair maiden  
A harbinger of doom ;  
The maddening missile clove its way,  
Within that banquet room ;

The bridal group were severed,  
The binding vows unsaid ;  
Pierced to the heart where late they stood,  
The prostrate maiden laid.

"She dies !" cried they in sorrow,  
Betrothed and parents dear ;  
While pallid lip and blanching cheek  
Betrayed each anxious fear ;  
In speechless woe they watched her,  
Amid the parting strife ;  
As still the flowing blood unloosed  
The tender springs of life.

"Ah ! must I die ?" she murmured,  
"Is this my bridal bed ?  
If so to die be glorious e'er,  
And blood be nobly shed ;  
I will be brave !" she faltered,  
"Though death be on my brow ;  
For life is past, and I accept  
The fate left to me now."

The bridal group regathered,  
Hands clasped in union close ;  
Only a moment could it be,  
The priest in prayer uprose ;  
"Will ye wed unto each other ?"  
The marriage service read,  
The gasping lips responded — "yes,"  
The bride was with the dead.

## REMEMBRANCE.

WE miss from our daily pathway  
The tread of familiar feet,  
And the echo of well-known voices,  
The ear had been wont to greet,  
As still in the heart they linger,  
With a mem'ry sad and sweet.

We miss them at evening ramble,  
When the stars are clear and bright,  
And the pale fair moon is shining  
With a soft and silvery light ;  
But they all look dim since loved ones,  
Have faded from our sight.

We miss them, too, when the morning  
Comes with its welcome beams,  
To gladden the hill and the valley,  
And lighten the rippling streams ;  
But still we find that all tokens  
Have vanished, like our dreams.

We miss, we shall miss them ever,  
And but their memories keep,  
Like the odour of withered flowers,  
Or like music's chord that sleep ;  
So the sunshine leaves but shadows,  
For the lonely heart to weep.

## A MEMORIAL.

The following poem is respectfully dedicated to Mrs. A. C. Hoffman, the mother of CHARLES PEARL WRIGHT, who was killed at the battle of Bristow, Virginia, October 12th, 1863.

OCTOBER'S pallid, hazy sun,  
High o'er its zenith soared,  
And Bristow's battle had begun,  
The deafening cannon roared;  
The crash of arms, with thunder tone,  
Rung on the quivering air,  
As, mid the rushing ranks was one,  
A youth, both young and fair.

A youth, both young and fair, was he  
Of but a score of years;  
But of such soul of bravery,  
That yielded ne'er to fears;  
Yet when the bloody battle raged,  
The showering shot and shell;  
Where valor wrought, and warfare waged,  
He lives not now to tell.

For foeman's aim was true that day,  
Alas! alas! too true;  
With shattered limbs that loved youth lay,  
With cheek of ashen hue;

They bore him from the sweltering guns,  
But death was on his brow,  
And where the Rappahannock runs,  
He sleeps in silence now.

“O God! dear mother — Ada — love,”  
He faltered, “no more joy,”  
As Azrael spread his wings above  
The dying soldier boy.  
No orange flowers, of golden hue,  
For Ada e’er will bloom,  
Since heaven’s most ethereal blue  
Shines on her lover’s tomb.

A widowed mother, far away,  
Waits by her lonely door;  
But vainly does she watch and pray,  
Her boy will come no more;  
The light from his blue eye is gone;  
No fluttering pulses stir  
The kindred love, whose mystic tone  
His spirit caught from her.

His last adieu, ah, well! ah, well!  
May she those last words heed;  
For they may wield a magic spell,  
In this, her hour of need;  
Such were they, “mother, should I die,  
As chances are in war;  
On the battle-field pray let me lie,  
Where ’er my comrades are.

Mother, we part, and well I know  
Such parting gives you pain,  
Perchance to meet no more below,  
Perhaps to meet again ;  
My country's call rings on my ear,  
Like a loud clarion swell ;  
And I must go, the hour is near ;  
Mother, farewell, farewell."

He went, her boy went to the war,  
And none more brave before,  
To mingle in rude scenes afar ;  
To come back, nevermore.  
October suns may rise and set,  
Till all life's skies grow dim ;  
But ne'er again will she forget  
The sun that set for him.

## THE BAPTISM.

SLOWLY and solemnly they wound along  
The dusty pathway, lined with ancient trees  
Of oak and maple, and the lighter shades  
Well interspersed by the Great Limner's Hand,  
Earth's picture to complete with skill inimitable;  
'Mong which the graceful elm bent very low  
Its swaying branches, as in token of  
Reverence to the small group that sought the walls  
Of the old gray stone church beneath the hill,  
Whose arched gateway groaned beneath the weight  
Of woodbine boughs with ivy intertwined,  
And fragrant honeysuckle climbing through  
The sunlit interstices, making a  
Soft sweet shadow, o'er so sweet a scene :  
A shadow falling o'er the gothic lights,  
Which stretched along the building, screening it  
From too sudden, and too rude a prospect ;  
And withal weaving a curtain, as it were,  
To obstruct prying eyes from peering through,  
When he, the holy man, with hoary head,  
Should bow himself in consecrated prayer,  
With outstretched hands pleading the favor of heaven,  
Or break the bread, or pour the symbolized cup,  
Or minister in aught of him required,  
Who stood between the people and their God.

Thither the train arrived, with chastened step,  
As Moses with unsaddled feet once trod  
Within His sight, they in like spirit stood  
In the presence chamber of the King of Kings.  
The good man bent in prayer, and then they sung  
A sweet psalm, and the organ's thrilling tone  
Trembled upon the air; till the vibration  
Of its low undertones shook with aspen touch  
The wreathing branches by the sheltering eaves,  
And startled from the turret bare, a brood  
Of twittering swallows, incubated there.

It ceased, the venerable pastor said,  
"Let her that in her youthful days doth now  
Be dedicate unto her Father, God,  
Come forth, and stand beside the altar here."  
A fair young maiden, over whom the space  
Of sixteen summers had swept their course serene,  
With brow as light as sunrise in the east,  
And heart as pure as snow shed from the skies,  
Stepped forth, and with a blush of modesty,  
Tripped down the long aisle, gently laying aside  
Her rustic hat and veil that with more ease  
The holy man might sprinkle water on  
The bared forehead, as a sacred seal  
Of the covenant which she now did make,  
Between her and her Maker evermore.

A pause, and then another fair young girl,  
Of scarcely twelve years stood by her sister's side,



With trepidation none the more allayed  
By the holy cause to which her soul was bent,  
For she was young in years, and many eyes,  
Perhaps some curious, were on them fixed,  
Questioning if such young disciples knew  
The force and meaning of those outward signs,  
The fount of water, the immersèd hand,  
The sprinkled forehead, and the solemn words;  
“I do baptise thee in the name of God,  
And of the Son, and Holy Ghost, amen.”

The ceremony ended, closed with prayer,  
And many exhortations wisely given  
To walk in ways becoming godliness;  
Henceforth to eschew evil things and deeds;  
Entreated to become as “shining lights,”  
Shedding a beam of brightness o’er each scene,  
By the wayside, or within the walls of home,  
On which some darkened soul might look and say,  
“Ye are indeed the light of a sinful world.”

O God! our Father, our Creator, Lord!  
Supreme in heaven above, on earth below:  
To thee henceforth be consecrate our powers;  
All that we are, or hope to be, are thine.

O! gray stone church, embosomed in the vale,  
Blest be thy portal, that opes wide to greet  
The young disciple, as a mother doth  
Take to her bosom fond, her child beloved;  
Cherish and nourish it with a tender care.

O gray-haired pastor, long since gone to rest,  
May we the precious privilege enjoy,  
To drop beside thy tomb one stainless flower,  
Plucked from the portals of thine altar here;  
And when our souls shall leave this lower sphere,  
May we enter the gates of heaven by thy side.

TO A SEA SHELL.

CHILD of the distant ocean wave,  
    Thou dweller of the sea,  
Hidden in many a coral cave,  
Down where the crystal waters lave,  
    And wrap in mystery.

Within thy cell the flowing main  
    Comes back to me in sound ;  
Whene'er my listening ear hath lain  
To thee, it caught the conscious strain,  
    It nowhere else hath found.

Thy chambers fill my soul with awe,  
    As doth the mighty deep,  
From whence my varying fancies draw  
Conceptions of the boundless law,  
    That doth its secrets keep.

Unlock to me thy hidden lore,  
    Mysterious, sublime ;  
I fain would each fair scene explore,  
And o'er each page delighted pour,  
    Of thine own fairy clime.

What siren sung within thy halls  
Sweet-toned as any bird,  
The echo of whose voice still calls,  
In murmurs that my spirit thralls  
As e'er by music stirred ?

What chronicles of lineage rare  
Do thine archives enrol ;  
Thus hidden from too rude a stare,  
The curious and vulgar glare,  
A pure and stainless scroll ?

What pearl-bright cave in ocean's bed,  
Was erst thy dwelling place ;  
What dark-eyed mermaid thence was led  
A beauty o'er the scene to shed  
With her unrivaled grace ?

O ! tell me, if adown below  
The surging waters' strife,  
The amber halls their radiance throw,  
And if harmoniously they flow  
The leaping waves of life.

Or, if contorting passions sway  
The palaces of the deep ;  
Or if, far from the light of day,  
Where twilight shades in lightness lay,  
Forever more they sleep ?

Bright sea shell of the ocean wave,  
Come whisper it to me ;  
Is there in yonder depths a grave,  
O'er which the lawless waters rave,  
And leap resistlessly ?

Hast thou e'er moaned above the dead ?  
Wrecked on a lonely shore,  
Around which tattered sails were spread,  
As filled with fear, and mortal dread,  
They sunk to rise no more ?

A requiem wailed o'er wasted life,  
From out the ranks of men ;  
The panting heart, the parting strife,  
The woe with which the world is rife,  
What voices gav'st thou then ?

Hast with the sea-nymphs chorus blent  
A low and sweet refrain,  
A dirge-like lute, forever lent  
To music, and forever bent  
Upon the same wild strain ?

Say, does the sea-nymph bind her hair  
With greenest sea-weed leaf,  
With tiaras and tokens fair,  
To climb the blue wave's silver stair,  
And mount each coral reef ?

Answer : for thou hast come from whence  
The nymphs and naiads reign ;  
Some unknown hand hath brought thee thence,  
Bearing thine only recompense,  
The sound of the flowing main.

Give answer back, thou moaning shell,  
Thou of the mournful tone ;  
Far from the billows' dashing swell,  
With sprightly fancy's wayward spell,  
Thy voice can charm alone.

Thou wrap'st my soul in wonder still,  
Thy beauty thrills my sight ;  
With effort wearied, wasted, till  
Idly unnumbered measures fill  
The fancies thou hast wrought.

Child of the distant ocean wave,  
Thou dweller of the sea,  
Moan for each desolated cave,  
But vainly as my fancies have  
To solve thy mystery.

MY NATIVE LAND.

Oh ! my native land, I love thee  
For the birth-right thou hast given  
For thy great gift proven worthy,  
Hourly toiling have I striven ;  
Oft hath mine eye sought the pinions  
Of thine eagle towering high,  
Far above thy broad dominions,  
Heralding thy glory nigh.

Oh ! my native land, I love thee  
With a love I ne'er can tell ;  
All thy virtues rise before me,  
Till my soul with joy doth swell  
With excess of deep emotion ;  
Of affection fond and free ;  
Such my soul's most pure devotion,  
Given, my native land, to thee.

## LITTLE MATTIE.

SLEEP little Mattie !

Sweetly sleep ;

Dear mother earth,

My darling keep ;

Through sun and storm, through wind and tide,

Draw her the closer to thy side,

Sleep, little Mattie, sleep.

Sleep, little Mattie,

Softly sleep ;

Dear mother earth

My darling keep ;

And when the winds blow, softly hide

My lost one 'neath thy sheltering side,

Sleep, little Mattie, sleep.



A PARTING GIFT.

LET it be a token from me, dear friend,  
    Let it be a token from me  
Of my love to thee when I am gone,  
Oh ! treasure it highly, and when alone,  
As thou lookest upon it with joy and pride,  
And I am no longer by thy side,  
    Let it be a token from me.

Let it be a memento of me, dear friend,  
    Let it be a memento of me,  
When to thee I shall live but in the past,  
And a shadow o'er our fond love is cast,  
May thy frequent gaze on the sweet gift be,  
As loving as once I bent on thee,  
    Let it be a memento of me.

Let it be a memory of me, dear friend,  
    Let it be a memory of me,  
To call to remembrance the beautiful love,  
Which may be renewed and restored above,  
For our home is not here, but beyond the tide,  
And until we meet on the other side,  
    Let it be a memory of me.

## STARLIT SKIES.

How beautiful the starlit skies,  
How glorious to see  
Such myriads of orbs arise  
In their infinity,  
Sparkling upon the brow of night,  
Like coronets in a crown,  
And who that loves their twinkling light,  
Cares if the sun go down.

One sweet spring eve, long time ago,  
Is well remembered yet ;  
Impressed on memory's tablet, so  
That I could ne'er forget ;  
For Ralph and I together strayed  
Along the starlit sands,  
And loving words till late delayed  
That lingering clasp of hands.

The village maids my lover eyed,  
Admiringly, and oft ;  
But still he wooed me for his bride,  
With language sweet and soft ;  
Till the giant honeysuckle grew,  
High o'er the stately sill ;  
And the berry trees their treasures threw,  
Fair Autumn's lap to fill.

My manly Ralph and I were wed ;  
For else how could it be ?  
Alas ! those blissful scenes are fled,  
Days doubly dear to me ;  
And now on each starlighted night,  
With sables for a crown,  
I care not for the stars twinkling light,  
Nor if the sun go down.

## THE LOCK OF HAIR.

“But still the heart will haunt the well,  
Wherein the golden bowl lies broken;  
And treasure in its narrow cell,  
The Past's most loved, and holy token.”

O! HEAVEN above;  
Where dost thou hide away the loved and lovely?  
O! azure skies;  
Dost thou reflect those orbs of blue above me?  
Tell me, O! tell me now,  
Of her, my lost one, where,  
Within thy portals,  
Thou hast my treasure there.

The seraph band,  
Hath not within its shining circle any  
That can out-vie  
My angel, O God! how many, many;  
Why didst Thou take to Thee  
My precious jewel fair,  
And leave to *me*,  
Only this lock of hair.

Why snatch the dew drop  
From off the fresh and radiant brow of morning;  
The spring flower  
The glowing bosom of the May adorning;

Leaving the empty cup?  
The memory of an hour;  
The setting of the gem,  
This only is *my* dower.

Why not have waited  
Until life's sparkling drops were sullen growing,  
Or darker blight,  
Over the sweet and blushing flow'ret throwing?  
Then take and purify,  
The pearl-drop turned to tears;  
The flower revivify,  
Through all the fleeting years.

This golden ringlet  
Hath lost its lustre, though with careful keeping;  
Rudely dissevered  
From its kindred curls, along the sweet dust sleeping,  
How like profanity,  
Its taking seemed to me,  
Cruel despoiling,  
O! why, why should it be?

O! passionate heart,  
Thou canst not still thy sad and ceaseless beating,  
Or stay this pulse,  
With painful fulness evermore repleting:  
She was so beautiful,  
So very, very fair,  
It seems just like her;  
This lock of wavy hair.

## PAST PLEASURES.

Like the faded leaves of a summer flower,  
As scattered around they lay ;  
Which nor time nor pain,  
May gather again,  
The transient things of an hour.

Like the perfume of roses whose bloom is fled  
With the balmy breath of the June ;  
Gone hand in hand  
With the floral band,  
And forever gone too soon.

Like the sparkling drop from the crystal fount,  
To the sun's most fervid ray,  
Which drinketh up,  
From the shining cup,  
The pearly drop ere it stay.

Like the rill that glideth away, away,  
As fast as the summer time ;  
With its silvery feet,  
From the snow and the sleet,  
Unchained to another clime.

Like the plumed wings of the wandering bird,  
To its swiftest flight in the sky ;  
    Where the orange groves  
    Hears its song of loves,  
As the softest gales sweep by.

Like the whisper of love to the listening ear,  
At eve by the moonlit shore ;  
    Where the rippling waves,  
    To their ocean caves,  
Recede, and are heard no more.

Like the meteor glance through the azure dome,  
As the evanescent light  
    For a moment gleams,  
    Then the transient beams,  
Are lost in the lapse of night.

Like all things beautiful, that die,  
Like all things false yet fair ;  
    Like human life,  
    Like the pulse's strife,  
Like all in the earth and air.

## THE IDEAL.

A BEAUTIFUL spell that encircles me round,  
I listen to hear it in every sound,  
I look far and near me, and think it is there,  
Below, high above me, and everywhere.



THE REAL.

I DREAM no more, for the touch of a hand  
Arouses my sense, as I doubtingly stand,  
As, grasping at shadows, the substance, I find,  
Lays not in the limitless depths of the mind.

## EGERIA.

EGERIA, lost Egeria,  
O ! no, not lost, but found,  
Lost on earth but found in heaven,  
'T is a long familiar sound ;  
Though angels hover around thee,  
And the sweetest seraphs sing,  
I can hear their silvery voices,  
I can feel each rustling wing.

Egeria, sweet Egeria,  
I have counted the hours alway,  
Each morning, noon and evening,  
Since our tearless farewell day,  
Because they all bring me nearer  
To the Better Land and thee,  
And I know that within the gateway  
Thou art waiting ever for me.

Egeria, loved Egeria,  
Death's waters can ne'er divide,  
And my heart's deep faith is stronger,  
Than when sitting near thy side ;  
Too near a view oft hindereth  
That which we had aimed to see,  
And the distance is only begetting  
A more vivid view of thee.

WHY MOURNS MY HEART?

WHY mourns my heart for vanished joys?  
    Why is my spirit pining  
For the dead lights of other years,  
    When some bright stars are shining?

Though dimning shades are stretching down  
    The vista time is treading,  
Some lingering sunshine from the skies  
    O'er all the scene is spreading.

A spot of brightness here and there,  
    Among the looming shadows:  
Some flowers are clustered with the thorns  
    Among the pleasant meadows.

The echo of a lightsome song,  
    Comes down the valley ringing,  
To mingle with the low, sad wail,  
    The burdened years are bringing

The memory of a far-off dream,  
    Like a sweet wood-nymph fairy  
That plays around the darkened heart,  
    With footsteps light and airy.

Ah ! well, then, let the past be past,  
Improve the waiting present ;  
Each inch of time, each moment's space,  
Are fleeting, evanescent.

## SIGHING FOR HOME.

THE heart felt pining for home, sweet home,  
For the love which only from its realm can come,  
For the faded light of its friendly roof,  
The friends that ne'er strangely stood aloof;  
'T is a spell never broken where 'er we roam,  
Sighing for home, sighing for home.

No flower so fair as the dear home one,  
That grew in the shade of the old hearth stone;  
No water so clear as the sparkling draught  
From the well far down in the meadow brought;  
O! those memories tearful how fast they come,  
Sighing for home, sighing for home.

Where, where is the past with its gilded toys?  
And the future is where, with its untried joys?  
O! the past hath gone to the silent bourne,  
And to-morrow if it for us return,  
Will be only as pilgrims still to roam,  
Sighing for home, sighing for home.

## MEMENTO MORI.

REST sweetly here, thou angel child,  
Rest, for thy race is run ;  
Thy little race of one short day,  
Finished, ere scarce begun ;  
Rest, peradventure it was long,  
If life's true ends were met ;  
So shall no sorrow mar the song,  
That thy life's sun hath set.

## THE MANIAC.

STERN war was in the land, and it had turned  
The tides of life into the floods of death,  
Which washed away in their resistless flow,  
Home, hearth, and love, and life, demolished all  
Like cities swept before the lava fire,  
That burst from out the burning crater's bed,  
From the old mountain, that looked firm and strong,  
Whose snowy peak went up to meet the skies ;  
Unstained by the red rage, and so it was,  
That darker ruin had o'erspread the land ;  
And all along the white hills of the north,  
And through the verdant mountains of the east,  
And from the boundless prairies of the west,  
Battalions formed, and marched to beat of drum,  
Canopied by the banner of the free.

It was a solemn time of sad farewells  
And last leave-takings, for, O ! nevermore  
Would father, husband, lover, friend, or brother,  
Return from carnage dread to fond embrace  
Of dear ones left behind ; 'stead of love's impress,  
The grape and bombshell left their murderous work,  
When hostile armies met, brother 'gainst brother,

All ties forgotten in the bloody strife,  
As if they ne'er had met on earth before.  
O! time of horror, when the child of years  
Was stricken by the one that woke his life;  
And when the petted son to stature grown,  
Should pierce the breast of him who was his sire;  
But so it was, and all the ranks were filled,  
And none might like a coward hide away.

So, when the watchword "Liberty" rose in air,  
Millions of feet to marching orders trod;  
And none for aught might leave his vantage ground,  
Or doing so, must risk the pain of death.  
Still there were many: but of a youth we speak,  
That looked back from the fiery fray, and sought  
To fly to some dear spot in quiet shade,  
Far from the cannon's roar, and smoke and dust;  
And he deserted from his post and fled,  
To be brought back and tried by martial court;  
Guilty he was pronounced, and suffer must  
The sentence of the law, though stern and hard,  
To be example made, lest others should  
Take license in the mode that he had done.

In tearless agony, waiting for his doom,  
The beaded drops oozed from his pale brow,  
Wrung out by the intensity of fear  
That seized him in that moment of despair.  
The instant when the fearful word of death



Was said, another broke upon his ear :  
'T was "pardon." Suddenly all eyes were turned  
Toward a distant hill; a horseman fast,  
Faster and faster still, came rushing on,  
Waving a paper high and shouting "pardon."  
The guns discharged in air, the prisoner fell,  
His life was saved, but reason fled forever.

## STANZAS.

TAKE, take this lovely flower, sweet friend,  
And when my face is far away,  
As sunlight where the dew drops lay,  
It will the rainbow's radiance lend.

And when its fragrance charmeth thee,  
Like to some strange, forgotten spell,  
Remember that I loved thee well;  
And then, O! then, remember me.

But, should its petals droop and die,  
Like exiled hearts away from home,  
Let not decay thy heart o'ercome,  
Nor thou my constant faith belie.

Remember that my love was true,  
And never skilled in faltering ways;  
If ever in thy heart it lays,  
No more than this could be my due.

Ah! soft and calm when sighs the gale,  
In zephyrs o'er some flowery bed,  
As when true lovers' steps are led,  
And linger 'neath the moonbeams pale;

Let each day's bright sun's golden beam,  
    Be dim beside its sweet love-light,  
    And in the shadow of the night,  
Still flowing like a constant stream.

If, like a simple fading flower,  
    The emblem of thy love for me,  
    Let mine still pure and changeless be,  
Though thine could perish in an hour.

## A DIRGE.

Written on the death of MRS. DR. BAKER, and respectfully dedicated to her mother.

GONE, gone, gone,  
Just in the flush of life,  
Fond daughter, sister, wife,  
Ties severed, one by one,  
And none so strong as to resist the call  
Of the grim monarch whose voice summons all.

Gone, gone, gone,  
Into the Silent Land,  
Awhile we waiting stand,  
Death claimed her for his own;  
And now her feet have reached the farther shore,  
Where dark disease and death invade no more.

Gone, gone, gone,  
To meet beloved ones there,  
Leaving the cherished here,  
To sigh in sad, low tone,  
With but a mournful memory to keep;  
The loved and loving o'er her dust to weep.

Gone, gone, gone,  
    Beneath the grassy sod ;  
    The path that she hath trod  
    We all must tread alone ;  
The valley dim, across the death-cold wave,  
The lingering gloom, the darkness of the grave.

## OH! COME TO ME IN THE SPRING TIME.

OH! come to me in the spring time,  
When the early birds do come;  
When the marten, and the robin,  
And the wren are flying home.

When the south wind blows so gently,  
To kiss the weary brow,  
Where the stormy days of winter  
Have left their traces now.

Come when the earliest flowers  
Are springing fresh and fair,  
When the violet and the butter-cup,  
With fragrance fill the air.

When the sunshine is the brightest,  
And the days are long and still,  
And the spirit is the lightest,  
And sweet thoughts the bosom fill.

Come when the grass is springing  
From the soft and yielding ground,  
When the joyous earth is ringing  
Her voices all around.

When all things are full of gladness,  
And awake a thought of thee,  
Mocking even a thought of sadness,  
Then come, oh ! come to me.

## ODE TO BYRON.

O! WHERE is he whose dying song  
Swept o'er the ocean wave?  
Sleeps he his country's tombs among?  
Where shall we find his grave?

A voluntary exile he  
From Albion's hills and dales,  
To gladden with his minstrelsy  
Loved Grecia's distant vales.

The son of genius and of fame,  
A bright and shining star,  
The lustre of whose well earned name  
Reaches to realms afar.

The son of sorrow and of pain,  
Of anguish dire and deep;  
And scarce a tear to wash the stain.  
Or scarce an eye to weep.

Victim of unrequited love,  
Affection unreturned,  
Who could the heart's deep fountains move  
While quenchless fires burned?



Burned fiercely wheresoe'er went he,  
Whether abroad, at home,  
By land, or on the raging sea,  
Would those dark visions come.

To make the darkness deeper still,  
Deeper the cup of woe,  
To drink the dregs with greedy fill,  
And still no respite know.

Oh! lonely, spirit broken one,  
How sleepest thou to-day,  
While the dim years are fleeting on  
As fledged thine away?

Oh! sweetest bard of Albion's isle,  
Who touched with master hand  
Thy lyre, to many a woe beguile,  
We miss thee from the land.

We miss thee when the stars at morn  
Pale from the kindling sky;  
When tenderest, truest thoughts are born,  
'T is then we miss thine eye.

We miss thee when at highest noon,  
The sultry sun aspires;  
And when he sets, and when the moon  
Puts on her milder fires.

We miss thee when the chainless winds  
Like spirits tread the earth ;  
When lightnings flash, and darkness binds,  
And darker thoughts have birth.

When thunders roll, and oceans surge, .  
And breakers fiercely glide ;  
When angry storms its barks submerge,  
We miss thee from the tide.

But more we miss thee, when the heart  
A shattered ruin lies ;  
A wreck, from which no human art  
Can rescue, as it dies.

No hand can bind the bleeding wound,  
As thine the heart may know,  
No Hygean art, or skill profound,  
Can staunch its fearful flow.

And such was thine, and thou did'st prove  
The depth of human wrong ;  
And yet thou wert all formed for love,  
For gentle love and song.

The soft and soothing spells of home  
Have not their magic power,  
For those who ever lightly roam,  
Nor ask its gentle dower.

And thou didst tear thyself away  
From friends, and home, and hearth,  
To break the spells that bound, away  
In revelry and mirth.

And thou didst leave those idols dear,  
The stormy sea to ride,  
A wanderer's weary crown to wear,  
And climb the mountain's side.

That hours of absence might beguile  
The tedium of life,  
And quell its troubled dreams the while,  
And hush its frenzied strife.

But nevermore thy greeting smile,  
Nor voice shall make us glad,  
O! Albion, ungrateful isle,  
Ungrateful to the dead.

For nevermore for thine award  
Will his true genius haste ;  
O! sleep, sleep on, immortal bard,  
Thou hast found rest at last.

## THE SIGH AND THE TEAR.

"But, whither shall the spirit go  
To find this gift for Heaven?  
Be this, she cried, as she winged her flight,  
My welcome gift at the gates of Light."

LALLA ROOKH.

O! WHAT would the beautiful Peri?  
What bore she on her wing,  
As she soared to the gates of Paradise,  
With a precious offering?

And where that sigh did she gather,  
For a seraph ear to hear,  
As it winged her flight to the realms of light,  
To give her entrance there?

Was it the sigh of a lover,  
Or a deeper, holier spell,  
That woke the spirit's answering chords,  
Than a lover's breast might swell?

It matters not, 't was powerless,  
To reach the hidden throne;  
Nor votary welcome homage bring,  
With the purest sigh alone.

But there were hopes all blighted,  
And broken hearts below,  
And eyes by joy once lighted,  
Whence naught but tear drops flow.

There were tears like pearls that glisten  
From the depths of ocean's bed ;  
Tears like the morning dew-drops,  
On earth's fairest flowers shed.

Thither the Peri hied her,  
And a crystal trophy bore ;  
"Be this," she said "my passport free,  
At the gate of Heaven once more."

And the golden gates were opened,  
The shining portals passed ;  
What the tender sigh had failed to win,  
The tear had gained at last.

## AND, IS THIS ALL?

A SIGH and a tear,  
A hope and a fear,  
And a heart to cope only with sorrow;  
For the sweet joy that lay  
On my soul yesterday,  
That I vainly shall wait for to-morrow.

A watch wild and vain,  
Again and again,  
Till my sad eyes are swollen with weeping;  
For the shadow of him,  
My own true love, is dim,  
O! far, far away is he sleeping.

Will any one blame,  
When I speak his name,  
Whose heart beats for me, and me only?  
O, how vainly I call,  
Alas! yes, this is all,  
Since he left me so sad and so lonely.

## THE PATRIOT.

MOST nobly has he fought his country's battles to the  
last,  
While obloquy, reproach, and scorn, were thick upon  
him cast,  
As he upon her altar laid his wealth, himself, his life,  
And rallied all his energies to meet the coming strife.

MOST nobly, proudly does he stand in bold relief to-day,  
While the prayer of many a patriot heart will yield to  
him its sway;  
And the sound of many voices shall send up for him  
their cry,  
The advocate of freedom, and the friend of liberty.

And as he stood amid the storm, and breasted every  
wave,  
That roll'd upon him as he strove his country's name to  
save,  
From the deeper, darker stains that may rest upon her  
name,  
To tarnish her bright pages, and to sully her fair fame.

And still he stands, our own, our best, our country's  
brightest star,  
To light its darkness, and to shed its radiance afar,

Unto the millions who may come to own his righteous  
    sway,

'Tis thus that he has ever stood, 't is thus he stands  
    to-day.

So gather, gather to his side, ye brave, and tried, and  
    true,

The battle ground is free to all, the victory to you,

Pause not amid the conflict, till the field is fairly won,

And ye have crowned with fadeless wreaths the nation's  
    greatest son.



## STEPHEN ARNOLD DOUGLAS.

'T is past, 't is past, the pageant all, hark ! 't is a funeral  
knell,  
The patriot sleeps, the nation weeps, list to the pealing  
bell ;  
And banners float upon the breeze, and streamers wave  
on high,  
The weeds of mourning, aye and look, vast crowds have  
gathered nigh.

Tread softly now, with cautious feet, and with uncovered  
head,  
For ye are in the presence chamber of the illustrious  
dead ;  
Bend ye, and homage render to the hero lying low,  
And breathe a prayer for freedom, though it will not  
wake him, now.

"God save the Union," 't was his long, and last, and  
earnest cry,  
That still our country's "stars and stripes" might sweep  
in triumph by ;  
He prayed that traitor hearts might fail, and traitor  
hands grow weak,  
While Truth, forever in the right, in clarion tones  
should speak.

And thus he died, just when it seemed a blessed boon to  
live,

And unto God, and to the right, the power and glory  
give ;

But He that seeth not as man seeth, but hath his sway,  
Can make His voice be heard in death, more than in  
life, to-day.

Then, in his death, fresh courage take, ye brave, and  
tried, and true,

Though passionless, and calm, and cold, still speaks he  
unto you,

Pause not amid the conflict, till the field is fairly won,  
And the glow is struck for freedom, and the glorious  
work is done.

## O, THINK OF ME.

WHEN life's sun runneth dark and drear,  
When friends are few, and foes are near,  
And all is gone thou holdest dear,  
O, think of me.

When thou art sweeping down the tide,  
With Love no longer by thy side,  
Ah! as the joyless moments glide,  
Then think of me.

If Pleasure from thy seeking flies  
Like summer light from autumn skies,  
As its last glowing ember dies,  
Still think of me.

If *all* thy cherished hopes should blight,  
And, like a meteor fade from sight,  
Leaving nought but a hopeless night,  
O, think of me.

## ON AND ON.

THE days are passing on and on,  
Till, merged into the growing years;  
The years tread sternly on, in turn,  
Till but a noteless blank appears.

The hours, the wingèd hours, they pass,  
Like meteors through the gloom of night;  
The eye spell-bound a moment, with  
The glow of their receding light.

The weeks as silently go by,  
As sails upon a far-off sea;  
Bearing their tokens out upon  
The ocean of eternity.

The months take up the ceaseless march,  
Like heralds from the field of strife;  
Alas! the records that they bear,  
From off the battle-ground of life.

A little hand-breadth space of time,  
Like shuttle flying through the loom;  
A blade of grass cut down, a flower  
When withered—man, such is thy doom.

Each one hath yet a diverse path,  
Through the world's great highway alone ;  
Who that would loiter in the race ?  
The days are passing on, and on.

## VAIN HOPES.

LIKE meteor light from yonder sky,  
Like foam from crested wave ;  
So, from us doth each fond wish fly,  
So find our hopes a grave.

And yet we hope, a marshaled train,  
Comes at our beck and call ;  
Only to be deceived again,  
Alas ! is not this all ?

We hope and wait, we wait and hope,  
Till, leaving one by one,  
We stand far down Life's bending slope,  
Its disenchantment done.

AN IMPROMPTU.

PLAY on, soft-fingered winds, play on,  
A low and lovely strain ;  
That we may fancy she who sung  
So sweetly, sings again.

Blow on, soft-winged winds, blow on,  
And sweep the yielding strings ;  
We 'll think again we hear her voice,  
And it is she that sings.

## NO MORE.

THE years o'erladen, come and go,  
    With all their varied store ;  
But that which once hath charmed me so,  
Thy face, I see no more, loved one ;  
    I see thy face no more.

The busy world goes plodding on,  
    With mingled toil and strife ;  
But those dear eyes that on me shone,  
Weré dearer than my life, their light ;  
    Was dearer than my life.

The weary years they come and go,  
    How many gone before ?  
And with them one that loved me so ;  
Whose face I see no more ; loved one,  
    I see thy face no more.



SUNSET.

O! SWEET and lovely sunset,  
The brightest hues are thine;  
And in thy glory we forget,  
    'T is day's decline.

And thus may be life's sunset;  
As bright and beautiful;  
When more than earthly rays have met  
    Upon the soul.

## PLACE YOUR HOPES ABOVE.

PLACE your hopes above, dear,  
Where the storms ne'er sweep;  
Death, decay, despair are here,  
Hearts that watch and weep.

Hearts that were too frail, dear,  
For the surging strife;  
Hearts whose strings could never bear  
The lengthened key of life.

Lift your eyes above, dear,  
See yon shining star,  
Through the lone night-time of fear.  
Send its beams afar.

Place your hopes above, dear,  
Where the storms ne'er sweep;  
Death, decay, despair, are here,  
Hearts that watch and weep.

## TO GEORGIANA.

SLEEP on, sleep on, nor wake again,  
To know that life is linked with pain .  
Oh ! sleep, sleep on, forever sleep,  
Nor know the living wake to weep.

Sleep on, sleep on, and question not,  
If thou art by the world forgot ;  
Oh ! sleep, sleep on ; 't were better so,  
Than all the ills of life to know.

Sleep on, sleep on, most pure and blest,  
For thou hast entered into rest ;  
Oh ! sleep, sleep on, may not a breath,  
Disturb the deep repose of death.

## IN MEMORIAM.

INSCRIBED TO MRS. WILBUR—BY GERTIE

THOU art gone to the grave, Ellsworth, we deeply deplore  
thee;

Now sorrow and darkness encompass the home  
Of thy kindred, and affianced, left lonely behind thee,  
And the lamp of thy love lights them not through  
the gloom.

Thou art gone to the grave, Ellsworth, we no longer  
behold thee,

Nor tread'st the rough path of the world by our side;  
But still in our hearts we will seek to enshrine thee,  
And remember the loved cause, for which thou hast  
died.

Thou art gone to the grave, Ellsworth, thy country for-  
saking;

Perchance, thy brave spirit for her lingered long:  
As the bright rays of Liberty, beamed on thy vision;  
Thy heart and thy hand were both mighty and strong.

Thou art gone to the grave, Ellsworth, we deeply deplore  
thee,

Whose love for our country was firm, true, and tried ;  
God gave thee, He took thee, we cannot recall thee ;  
Bereaved is our people since Ellsworth has died.

## NIAGARA.

## A SONNET.

I TRAVELED far, above its wave to stand,  
That I might hear the mighty cataract roar,  
And see the clouds of mist above it soar ;  
'T was morn, and my hand clasped another hand ;  
And as we stood and looked, and looked again,  
Not satisfied, but gazing still the more,  
It seemed like looking down Life's solemn main,  
Where coming shadows cast their glooms before,  
The great heart of the river beat in one,  
Till near the brink, then parting each alone,  
Struggling and swaying onward to the sea,  
Seemed to foreshadow what our lives would be ;  
And, while I listened to the breaking waves,  
They seemed the echoes of a thousand graves.

## JOHNNY'S GRAVE.\*

It is down where the young swans are sailing,  
On the verge of a miniature lake ;  
Where nought else the silence is breaking,  
But the echo the light ripples wake.

'T is the sweetest, yet saddest of places,  
The saddest, yet sweetest to view ;  
As might be the home of the graces,  
And he was the darling of two.

His features were paler than ashes,  
On the hearth when the fire is out ;  
Or the spray when the rivulet dashes  
The beautiful rain-drops about.

For the light from his dark eyes had faded,  
Like the glow of a summer morn,  
Or a moon when its beauty is shaded,  
Or the sun when its beams are shorn.

So they made him a bed where the flowers  
Nestled down in the dewy grass,  
And the sun's soft undulant showers  
Fall over the death-like pass.

---

\* At Spring Grove, Cincinnati.

And the young swans sing to each other,  
But never for Johnny's ear;  
And the flow'rets whisper together,  
Too softly for Johnny to hear.



ON A DREAM

OF RECEIVING FLOWERS FROM A DECEASED FRIEND.

A GIFT of flowers, but she who gave  
Lies cold and pulseless in the grave ;  
What blossoms from its withering gloom  
Should still for me in beauty bloom ?

Most precious germs of life are hid,  
But not beneath the coffin lid ;  
How should they from its dust arise,  
To greet us with a glad surprise ?

Such bright and beautiful rare flowers,  
The birth of sunshine and of showers ;  
They could not live beneath the mold,  
Where all is dark, and damp, and cold.

Whence, then, the effort of her hand,  
To reach from out the shadowy Land,  
Unless in my dull thoughts to move,  
The memory of our early love ?

She looked as erst, as freshly fair,  
The light fell from her golden hair ;  
And in her friendly palm she bore  
The emblems that she brings no more.

A silent greeting, neither spoke,  
But from the transient spell I woke ;  
To gather by my life's cold stream,  
The joyless shadows of a dream.

## THE NAME.

THOUGH we may strive to write our name  
Upon time's fairest page,  
And look for praise, and hope for fame,  
The key-note of the age ;

Though we may kneel to win the prize  
Of heaven-born Poesy,  
And ask the plaudits of the skies,  
To cheer our minstrelsy ;

Or, seek amid the crowded throng,  
Our deep heart throbs to hide,  
That gush, as with the voice of song,  
Our inner life doth bide ;

Or, as the Spartan mother taught  
The pangs of death to bear,  
Unyielding, though the burning thought  
Like beasts our bosom tear ;

'T will be of us, and all that we,  
With toil and care have done,  
As, buried in oblivion's sea,  
They vanish one by one.

'T will be as though the written scroll  
Was on the sandy shore,  
And when the waves of ocean roll,  
The name is seen no more.

## AWAKE AND AROUSE THEE.

AWAKE and arouse thee, O! slumbering one,  
Ere the fast coming night find thy life work undone;  
Already the shadows are creeping along,  
Over mountain and valley, a far-reaching throng;  
Before them the sunshine is fleeting away,  
And darkness broods over the brow of the day.

O! up and be doing, let each stroke decide,  
Whether thou art triumphant o'er wind, and o'er tide;  
Though strong be the current, adverse be its flow,  
And beating the waves against rudder and bow,  
Spread sail and pass on, though the haven be far,  
And left but the light of one glimmering star.

O! up from the wayside, and loiter no more,  
With bright sandaled feet, ever hastening before,  
To gain the green mountains where bright flowers bloom,  
Above the dark vale with its mist and its gloom;  
The sweetness to snatch with the blossom in prime,  
Ere the harvest be past and the sweet summer-time.

Bend shoulders to burden, though shrinking and bare,  
Falter not, lest thy spirit grow sordid with care;

Let each step be firm where thy pathway shall lead,  
Though thorns may pass under thy feet as they tread,  
Let the craven heart faint with the weight of its fear,  
May thy motto be, "Onward," the goal must be near.

## RECOLLECTIONS.

A BEAMING sun shone o'er me once,  
In brightness on my way ;  
But clouds have gathered in the sky,  
Where is that sun to-day ?

A voice that softly breathed my name,  
Fainter, and fainter grew ;  
Until my heart had grown the same,  
Where are those words of dew ?

A careless word, in lightness spoke,  
Became an earnest doom ;  
A sound too harsh for tender ears,  
Where is affection's bloom ?

A little hand once clasped in mine,  
Withered away, away,  
Like a blossom in the early frost ;  
Where is the young and gay ?

A bird within my bosom's core,  
Long since hath ceased to sing,  
And soar above each cankering care ;  
Where is its glancing wing ?

A love that germed within my breast,  
Was budded with despair ;  
Each flower a poisoned arrow sped ;  
Where are my hopes so fair ?



*SONGS OF THE WEST.*

WHEN I AM GONE.

WHAT will they say when I am gone ?

Ah ! this alone ;

“ To earth allied, she lived and died,  
Now dead and gone.”

Will any drop a sorrowing tear,

Above my bier ?

For my last sleep, will any weep ?  
For me one tear ?

O ! will it be one heart will sigh,

When standing nigh

My place of rest, for me one breast,  
Heave but a sigh ?

Will any bless my place of rest,

And call me blest ?

With those sweet words, “ dead in the Lord,”  
A blessed rest.

What will they say when I am gone ?

Be it this alone :

Lived well, and died, then glorified,  
Living, though gone.

WHEN THE LIFE LIGHT SHALL FADE  
FROM MY BROW.

I SEE a proud Temple afar,  
And its turrets are reaching the sky ;  
O ! give me but one little corner or nook,  
When my meeds and my merits ye try.

I see the stars twinkle above,  
Gleaming out of the waters below ;  
And I hear the soft ripple and rhythm of waves,  
Like the music of many harps' flow.

The brightness attracted my eye,  
And the beauty the touch of my hand ;  
The sweetness swept over the sea of my soul ;  
Till one of the players I stand.

A smile to my masters I give,  
With a low, and a reverent bow ;  
Would in the light of their smiles I might live,  
When the life-light shall fade from my brow.

## THE SUICIDE.

"WE must not pluck death from the Maker's hand,"  
How terrible the thought that there are those  
Who by force rudely break the cords of life  
Asunder marring the beautiful visage  
That He hath shaped from out the lifeless clay;  
And breathed into it a deathless spirit,  
Endowed with all the faculties of sense;  
And yet how many do commit the deed  
That dooms them to the realms of dark despair.  
One such there was, a woman young and fair,  
With all the hopes of life thick clustering round  
Her pathway, or, as 't were to earthly eyes,  
There seemed no want.

She had a lovely child  
Whose smile reflected but rays of pure love;  
But here on earth where can there yet be found,  
A perfect eden where the tempter cometh  
Not, as to Eve amid her stainless bowers,  
To blight and to destroy?

To this weak one,  
Such came in evil hour, when the soul's watch  
Had found an interval, and whispered to her,  
That it were better far to die than live.

Our loved one listened to the charmer's spell,  
And said, "Our mother died, 't is well, 't is well,"  
And so, forgetting what she owed to love,  
To its dear pledge, to herself, and to God ;  
Without His password through the dark unknown,  
She rushed unbidden into the Mighty presence.  
Sad the record of her folly, how she dared,  
So break the silver bowl, and check the fountain  
Of life, mingling bitter waters with the spring  
Which, while some drink, they loathe, and long to die.

## VOICES.

THERE are low voices calling, so softly, and sweetly,  
My heart thrills with rapture at every sound ;  
For gentle as dew drops in the hush of the evening,  
They seem imperceptibly falling around.

There 's a voice from afar, that is fond and familiar,  
Though its sound has grown fainter, and fainter for  
years,  
Like the finishing strokes of a bell in its chiming ;  
Which the air brings in tremulous sounds to our ears.

There are light tones which leave a yet fainter impression,  
Which their power have lost like the lips that are still ;  
As the picture fades slow, when the form is decaying ;  
So the tones of my love scarce a measure can fill.

There are snatches of songs, and of sighs, how they mingle,  
With the shade of a tear, and the light of a smile ;  
Spiritual, tender, and rare as exotics,  
That out from home bowers, but blossom awhile.

## ONLY IN DREAMS.

ONLY in dreams I see thee,  
When the garish day is done ;  
Only as spirits meet, I meet thee,  
When real forms are gone ;  
Only in dreams come to thy side,  
In the shadowy realms of night ;  
And O ! as transient are the dreams,  
As spirits in their flight.

Only in dreams I meet thee ;  
Or e'er shall meet again ;  
No loving clasp of hands, beloved,  
Henceforth for us remain ;  
Only in dreams we live, and move,  
Each other as before ;  
No waking power, or reason's mood,  
Realities restore.

THE HALL OF HARPS.

It hath a meed of praise,  
For the victor's car ;  
The sounds its peans raise,  
Are borne afar.

It hath a ray of light,  
For the good and brave ;  
A song for the darkest night,  
And the lonely grave.

It hath melody to charm,  
For the bridal hour ;  
And wild notes of alarm,  
When tempests lower.

It hath a wail of woe,  
When the great man dies ;  
A moan for the last faint throe,  
On its altar lies.

It hath marches for the dead,  
Like a mourner drest ;  
And a slow and solemn tread,  
For their place of rest.

It hath livelier lays of life,  
For all earth's climes;  
And the burdened air is rife  
With its myriad chimes.



## THE POLAR SEA.

"It is such a landscape as a Dante, or a Milton might picture; inorganic, mysterious, desolate."—E. K. KANE.

THE ice bergs of the Arctic,  
Stand in their majesty,  
And the panoply of winter,  
Hangs o'er the Polar Sea.

All through the gathering darkness,  
Far out upon the hills;  
Might be seen the massive snow-drifts,  
Ere the eye the darkness fills;

And the day all drear and sunless,  
More like the night than day;  
Lighted by the palest moonbeams,  
And the stars paler ray;

Which fade not out at noonday,  
With its twilight gathering,  
As the growing tread of the "ice foot,"  
Will no better promise bring.

The high and frozen headlands,  
Sleep on in silence drear;  
And upon the crags projecting,  
No bright spot nestles near.

No tiny barque may traverse,  
Or cope with such a tide ;  
Nor friendly sails unfurling,  
Cast anchor side by side.

But where is he who ventured  
His all on such a sea ;  
Amid Time's sweeping surges,  
Where may his moorings be ?

His sun went down in glory ;  
His was a hard-earned fame ;  
But he lives to bless the mariner,  
With the magic of his name.

## THE SOUL'S RAIN.

LET the spirit's heaven be overcast,  
And tear-drops like the rain fall fast ;  
The bitter fountains of the heart,  
Repress them not, but let them start ;  
They dissipate and purify,  
The storm-clouds from the spirit's sky.

Souls the most genial, have their shades,  
And seasons, when their sunlight fades,  
Into the murky gloom of night ;  
When sensuous forms obscure the light ;  
As griefs their barbèd arrows throw,  
And all life's waves adversely flow.

Yet, 't is but for a little while,  
We linger 'tween the tear and smile,  
To find young joys untimely old ;  
When friendship, love, have waxen cold,  
And with the lapse of years to say,  
Our dearest hopes, have passed away.

## LINES FOR MY LYRE.

KEYS to unlock its mysteries, and bring  
Its new fledged lays like birds upon the wing ;  
First Reason calmly soars and looks aloft,  
With trace of scorn left to her sisters soft ;  
And mostly to her sentimental friend :  
Scarce one sweet smile do her fixed features lend ;  
Each pretty play of Fancy she eschews ;  
And each sweet plaintive strain, her eye reviews ;  
Ever displaying to the favored fair,  
Her rule and plummet swaying through the air.  
Now comes Philanthropy on flying steeds ;  
And pleads for human kind, a thousand needs ;  
She brings a wounded spirit like a dove,  
Calling for mortal sympathy and love ;  
Now, draw the curtain tenderly and mild ;  
For this is nature's least enduring child :  
How will a careless word, a look, a breath,  
Doom this meek dweller, to the gates of death.  
Simplicity, sweet child of earth, come near,  
Nor thy more intellectual neighbor fear ;  
For nature's rarest blossoms are for thee ;  
Streamlet and dale, and mingling zephyrs free ;  
Leave classic minds in classic realms afar,  
Be thou but guided by thy natal star :  
Come in its glittering beams, and count the nights,

That seem to brightest shine with borrowed lights ;  
Number the roses, on the wreath of Fame,  
And turn thou to the dust, and write thy name.  
Imagination daring in her flight,  
Hath spanned the overarching heavens with light ;  
Infatuated, and with passion blind,  
So Reason says on her essay on mind ;  
But still where fall the sun's refulgent beams,  
The former riots, revels in her dreams.  
All dreams are glorious things by Fancy wrought,  
There is no mart where they are sold or bought,  
Too evanescent for a market stall,  
Where produce lies, and prices rise and fall.  
Sweet Faith and Hope, let sceptics scoff and sneer,  
And critics laugh thee down with joke and jeer,  
Clasp to thy breast thy creeds, though daylight dies,  
And still point upward through the darkest skies.  
Religion sees afar amid the night,  
Through all the darkling drops, a rainbow bright ;  
A token with true colors from the shore,  
That our fair earth shall deluged be no more.  
Fair Science opes her gates of centuries old ;  
Explorers enter, some with thirst for gold ;  
Ready to test what light-winged wealth can give,  
And in its beauty's baubling light to live ;  
Forgetting still that it hath thorns to press  
The brow, more often than it comes to bless.  
Some seek for fame, by midnight taper pale,  
Forgetful that it fans a dubious gale ;  
And some for Love in solitude doth pine,

Invoking aid from all the tuneful nine ;  
While others crave and thirst for kingly power,  
As though of all earth's gifts 't were her best dower,  
But all ask Life, though called the fitful flame,  
And much of it existeth but in name.  
Bright Genius, thine award so long delayed,  
Excuse if we from thine own ranks have strayed,  
Where Perseverance cons the mystic page,  
And draws in lines of light, from age to age ;  
Thy various colors, from the vaulted sky,  
To the blended azure of the violet's eye ;  
Thou universal art, o'er earth and air,  
Wherever art is, there thy pictures fair,  
Can charm in either of foregoing mood,  
There's neither time nor space where thou'st not stood ;  
But kindly Charity is of the train,  
And doth from every evil thought refrain ;  
And though thou dost hold converse with the wise,  
She teacheth thee that thou shalt none despise,  
But often drop a feather from thy wing,  
To aid the weak to rise, and soar, and sing.

## THE LAYS OF THE LOWLY.

THERE are bays for bards immortal,  
Of well attested fame ;  
But a passing thought to the lowly,  
Who have but a common name.

They may toil by the sounding anvil,  
By the hammer at the forge,  
By the streamlet wildly rushing  
Adown the mountain gorge.

Where the sunburnt sailor climbeth  
Up high in the swaying shrouds,  
And the pilot guides the quivering barque  
Through storms and ocean clouds ;

There 's an eye of eagle brightness,  
To measure the mighty main ;  
And an ear to list to its swelling songs,  
And sing them back again.

With the wheel of a thousand spindles,  
Turned by a tiny hand ;  
There may mingle a voice whose melody  
Shall reach to every land.

Let us listen to lowly voices,  
For each hath a word, a tone,  
To waken the soul to the beautiful ;  
That lays in its depths alone.



ALONE.

WHEN morning breaks from the brightening skies,  
And the stars fade, one by one,  
A shadow dim on my spirit lies,  
For I am alone.

I watch the sun, as begirt with fire,  
He mounts to his mighty throne ;  
But how can feeling or thought aspire,  
When I am alone ?

Earth's voices on the whispering breeze  
But waken a sadder tone ;  
Birds answer each other from leafy trees,  
While I am alone.

I wander to the forgotten past  
For some loved form, but none,  
Save in ideal shapes, still lasts,—  
Ah ! I am alone.

## THE WILD VINE.

A WILD vine to the casement climbed,  
Through the long summer days ;  
And sad and mournfully it chimed,  
With the wind's autumnal lays.

And the stems were hung so strong and deep,  
Woven and interlaced ;  
That the zephyrs breath, when waked from sleep,  
Sighed through them as it passed.

And a voice there was, as it wafted on,  
To the creeper, bright and green :  
" When thou to dark decay has gone,  
I shall be here, I ween.

" When the spirit of the past has come,  
And a paleness o'er thee spread ;  
I shall sigh above thy lonely home,  
While thou art with the dead."

And the withering vine clung closer still,  
To the bare and faded wall ;  
As the rude north wind, so bleak and chill,  
Made the tender blossoms fall.

But flower, and leaf, and stem have gone,—  
    A bright thing passed away ;  
And what of beauty have we known,  
    But had a short-lived day ?

## THE SONG OF THE HEARTSTRUCK.

FOR e'er I sing my plaintive lay,  
Perchance for some to scorn,  
Still glide along my darkened way,  
Of joy and brightness shorn;  
Though stranger tongues may idly blame  
The griefs they ne'er can feel,  
Still shall I by the fitful flame  
Of my dread altar kneel.

It cannot bring the lights again,  
That burned in other days;  
For all around, the love-lit fane,  
A wreck and ruin lays;  
I've nothing left, alas! but dust,  
For my lone heart to keep,  
And hide, as well it may, and must,  
And o'er its ashes weep.

The silver pitcher rudely cast  
Into the glowing wave,  
Not gathered up, will sink at last,  
Nor skill nor power can save;

The purest pearls, hung on the brow  
Of those that prize them not,  
Will charm but for a moment now,  
Then lightly be forgot.

So may we lavish fondest love,  
The faithful heart can give ;  
May bid each varying pulse to move,  
And still unblest may live ;  
The phantom will elude our grasp,  
Whatever it may be ;  
And all in vain we seek to clasp  
The dear-bought deity.

The waves of life may darkly flow,  
So bright at morning tide,  
And to the sluggish stream below,  
In silent murmurs glide ;  
The mildew blight of years may fall,  
And on the spirit lay,  
And we, when skies are darkened all,  
“ Forget we once were gay.”

## THE LAND BEYOND THE TIDE.

How oft hath it been sung, the land, the land beyond  
the tide,

The home where sinless beings in their happiness abide ;  
Far, far away from strife and care, from sorrow, grief and  
pain,

Where death may never enter more, the sacred, dear  
domain

Of love and sweet domestic bliss, severing tenderest  
ties ;

And faith, and hope, and joy, and fond devotion, never  
dies ;

Where man is never false to man, as on this earth  
below.

But truth and justice, undeceived, in equal currents  
flow,

And disappointment dread, the peaceful spirit never mars,

O! is there such a land as this, beyond the radiant  
stars ?

If such a land exists, may we the blest assurance know,  
Sweet spirits from that cloudless clime, come down to us  
below ;

And tell us if the blue ne'er melts, from out your azure  
skies ;

If on the glowing face of hope the beauty never dies ;

If, of all living harmonies ye have an endless store—  
If nothing ever withers there, if flowers bloom no more;  
O! come to us, come in the dreams and visions of the  
    night,  
Bringing a blest reality, for fancy's fickle flight;  
O! friends beloved, and dear to us, from earth now  
    passed away,  
Come back, and tell us of the land where shines eternal  
    day.

## BY - GONE DAYS.

FORGOTTEN dreams, of by-gone days  
Come stealing o'er the heart ;  
Like as the fitful shadow plays,  
'Mid beams of light its part.

As the soft voices of the air  
Break on the stilly night ;  
When sunset decks the landscape fair,  
With gleams of parting light ;

Or, as the echo on the wave,  
Awaked from quiet sleep,  
When vessels, lightly freighted, lave  
The bosom of the deep ;

So thoughts of other days return,  
And stealthily entwine  
Around the altar fires, that burn  
On memory's sacred shrine.

And though we seek each thought to check,  
As with a double rein,  
Or bid them sleep as doth the wreck  
Beneath the distant main ;



They rise as doth the living spring,  
That unobstructed plays :  
A strange and a mysterious thing,  
The power of by-gone days.

## MY PETS.

## PART FIRST.

I HAVE two pets, two darling pets,  
They are all the world to me;  
Morn, noon, and eventide, they cheer  
With their sweet ministry.

My Gertie is the eldest one;  
Just thirteen summers fair  
Have taught her cheek to blush, and hung  
With curls her dark brown hair.

She needeth not the lily white,  
Nor rouge of deeper shade  
Upon her brow or rosy lips,—  
All these have nature made.

Her laughs rings out, through all the day,  
In merriment and glee,  
And sweet and silvery is her voice,  
Like softest zephyrs free.

## PART SECOND.

Now comes my darling Nettie next,  
A sprightly girl of ten;

Unlike the eldest one; but still  
The same in grace and mein.

O! it is sweet, at early morn,  
To look in her bright eyes,  
And see the radiance of the stars,  
Just as they set and rise.

Her hair is of auburn hue,  
And eyes the very same;  
And when she speaks, it is as though  
An angel breathed my name.

These are my pets, my darling pets,—  
They are all the world to me;  
Morn, noon, and eventide they cheer,  
With their sweet ministry.

## MY LOVE'S EYES.

Would those eyes were ever near me !

I would gaze upon their hue ;  
Basking like the stars of evening,  
In their soft, cerulean blue.

Would their light might shine around me,  
Their subdued and silvery glow  
Calm me to a pulse more even,  
Than false beauty's fickle glow.

Would they were around, above me,  
Like a spirit in my dream ;  
And would whisper soft, " I love thee,"  
With a mild and tender gleam.

Would I were forever loving,  
In their soft, sweet gaze to be,  
While their glance like fixed stars beaming,  
Were forever fixed on me.

Would ? ah ! me, yet, who would not be ?  
Where those eyes their bright rays cast ;  
Making for each heart a heaven,  
Cheering, charming, to the last.

TOKENS FROM THE SHORE.

THY ship is sailing down the tide,  
The drifting winds before ;  
And I no longer by thy side ;  
Give tokens from the shore.

See'st the white 'kerchief in the air,  
Raised gently by the wind ?  
Why should I yield me to despair,  
Though I am left behind ?

Thy love will beckon me along,  
The unexplored highway ;  
And then my joy will be as strong,  
As is my grief to-day.

For, as I wait, and watch for thee,  
Nor slumber as before ;  
So will thine eyes look back to see,  
My tokens from the shore.

## . A WREATH.

SHOULD I weave a wreath for thee, dearest,  
It should be of flow'rets bright ;  
Unfading, beautiful, and free,  
Basking in purest light.

It should be a wreath of Joy, dearest,  
Unmixed with earthly ill ;  
And not one drop of base alloy,  
The kindly measure fill.

It should be a wreath of Hope, dearest,  
Anchored beyond the sky ;  
That should ever bear thy spirit up,  
If sorrow's storm swept by.

It should be a wreath of Faith, dearest,  
A surety of rest ;  
An echo of the voice that saith,  
" Be thou forever blest."

It should be in Heaven above, dearest,  
Forever full and free ;  
With Joy, and Hope, and Faith, and Love,  
Should I weave a wreath for thee.

## LOVE.

A LITTLE bird sung  
From a wayside tree,  
And this is the song  
Which it sung to me :  
O ! how sweetly it trilled,  
From the branches above,  
These beautiful words :  
Love, love, love, love.

A young child smiled,  
As it passed me by,  
And I caught the glance  
Of its loving eye ;  
And now, wheresoever  
My feet may rove,  
I can see it smiling :  
Love, love, love, love.

My thoughts keep turning,  
To bird and child ;  
That my heart in sadness  
From woe beguiled ;  
There is no sweeter song  
In the Heaven above,  
Than the child's and the bird's :  
Love, love, love, love.

## THE LAW OF NATURE.

TAKE the lion from the forest,  
From the shelter and the shade,  
Where all day he idly wandered  
Up the glen and down the glade,  
Bind his cell with bars of iron,  
Guard him closely night and day,  
Though ye may detain his body,  
His loved lair is far away,

And could he but burst asunder,  
From his prison, he would flee  
Back to his familiar footpaths  
'Mid the desert wild and free ;  
Where he coped with meaner vassal,  
That did scorn his kingly right.  
With his voice of thunder awestruck,  
Through the watches of the night.

Take the bird of soaring pinion  
Through the soft and summer air,  
Cage it in the brightest sunshine,  
Or 'mid flowers fresh and fair ;



And there is a note of sadness  
Mingled with its sweetest strain,  
Gone the very joy, the gladness  
It will never know again.

Mark the flutter of its bright wings,  
As some songster perches nigh,  
All its tendencies are heavenward  
Where the stars are hanging high ;  
Where the drapery of the forest  
Mantles all the vale below,  
Rustling leaf, and rushing streamlet,  
There the captive bird would go.

Take the heart from some fond idol  
It hath cherished long and deep ;  
Tear the closest links asunder,  
It would still unbroken keep ;  
And although a smile may gather  
O'er a calm and placid brow,  
Still there lurks a secret sorrow,  
All consuming, sad and slow.

Heed we then, the voice of nature  
Written in the earth and sky,  
And though tempted to pervert them,  
Never pass its teachings by ;

Give the lion back his camp ground,  
Give the bird her azure dome,  
And the heart with warm pulse beating,  
Give the weary heart its home.

MY FATHER'S CANE.

'T IS a mournful relic of thee, father,  
A token of days gone by,  
It sadly and silently speaks to me,  
All sad and silently ;  
I almost watch for the hand, father,  
Now pulseless, still, and cold,  
That trusting, and tremblingly on it leaned,  
As oft as I have watched of old.

Of old did I say, of old, father ?  
Oh ! 'tis but a little while  
Since I gazed upon thy pleasant face,  
And waited for thy glad smile.  
I shall never see it again, father,  
I shall never see it again,  
And this is all that is left of thee,  
And on it thy hand hath lain.

To-day, to my eager lips, father,  
I lifted the treasure dear,  
And as I imprinted a tender kiss,  
There followed a burning tear ; .

A tear that could not be stayed, father,  
But rushing in tumult wild,  
Gave vent to the deeper, wilder thoughts  
Of thy sad and sorrowing child.

As she looked again on the past, father,  
As she looked again on the past,  
And thought, after all the weary years  
We should meet again at last ;  
We should meet again at last, father,  
And speak of the many things,  
Which our diverse paths have brought to us,  
And which life in its changes brings.

I little thought, when we parted, father,  
We parted to meet no more ;  
I thought that we should meet again,  
When a few brief days were o'er ;  
But the days, and the weeks passed on, father,  
And the seasons went and came,  
With a ceaseless, measureless, mighty tread,  
The same, just the very same.

But thy cane is no talisman true, father,  
Though it may to my fancy seem,  
A vision of thee all true to bring,  
'T will still be an idle dream ;

So I yield up this cherished thing, father,  
Forever more to be,  
On the records of the day and night,  
A memory of thee.

## TO A FALSE FRIEND.

THE south wind has sunk to a slumber  
The birdling has gone to its nest ;  
The night-shades have gathered around us,  
The lights have gone out in the west.

To-day will be merged in to-morrow,  
To-night be succeeded by day ;  
And then all the day-beams will vanish,  
And lapse into darkness away.

This great law of nature, unchanging,  
Of change upon change we must see,  
But nothing in earth, or in heaven,  
Were ever more changeful than thee.

I covet not love too uncertain,  
A few fleeting moments to last ;  
A light word, but carelessly spoken,  
A look, and thy favor is past.

Nay, nevermore call me thy darling,  
So lately the mark of thy scorn ;  
Let me live in the midst of the shadows,  
I fear not a spirit forlorn.

I ask for no dear, treasured token,  
To lighten this sad heart of mine ;  
No longer on friendship relying,  
So false and so fickle as thine.

## EMMA.

A BEAUTIFUL young flower, nipped in the bud,  
Though faded, its fragrance we keep ;  
When the sun is low in the glowing west,  
Softly and tenderly lay her to rest,  
And rejoice that she lived not to weep.

The pearl-drops that lay on her infantine brow,  
A pale hand hath wiped them away ;  
And hushed her still lips, till no token of pain,  
Shall e'er greet the ear that may listen again,  
For she went with the angels to-day.

How angelic she looked, as enshrouded in white,  
And adorned with a green myrtle wreath ;  
With the buds of the snow-drop, an emblem of love,  
Which shall blossom anew in the garden above,  
Far over the river of death.



THE PRIDE OF THE SOUTH.

BUT where is the pride of the soft, sunny South?

Where the regal magnolia, wont for to bloom?

Alas! its rich gardens are parched with the drouth,

And its queen droops her head in the darkness and  
gloom.

The spoiler hath swept o'er its beautiful fields,

And rank desolation and woe left behind,

A harvest of whirlwinds the injured soil yields,

For such is the fate of who sows to the wind.

Lo! war, desolation, and famine are thèrè,

Like the plagues that on Egypt, in anger, were sent;

And its love-fostered maidens and manhood are where,

Alas! since her mantle of greatness was rent.

O, is there is no Rachel to weep o'er our land?

Who will not be comforted in its distress;

When our children midst peril and perfidy stand;

To pray to the Most High to aid and to bless.

## VALLEY DALE.

Valley Dale, Valley Dale,  
The lilies pale are lying  
Along the sward.  
How could the bard  
Refrain from ever sighing  
Valley Dale, Valley Dale!

Valley Dale, Valley Dale,  
The violet beds are spreading  
Their petals blue,  
Modest and true,  
With myrtle vines a threading,  
Valley Dale, Valley Dale.

Valley Dale, Valley Dale,  
That hides the acacia blossom,  
Where ivies twine,  
Saying, "love be mine,  
Come, rest thee in this bosom,"  
Valley Dale, Valley Dale.

Valley Dale, Valley Dale,  
The home of all the posies ;

The pinks so sweet,  
And asters meet,  
To mingle with its roses ;  
Valley Dale, Valley Dale.

## NELLIE.

AMONG the flowers a young child played,  
With eyes of azure blue ;  
And well-lined lips of rosy red,  
And hair of flaxen hue ;  
At blush of morn, and dewy eve,  
With gambols free, she came,  
And her smile out-vied the hours that hied,  
Sweet Nellie was her name.

One cold, yet calm, October day,  
The scarlet fever came ;  
And fell upon that sinless child,  
Wrapping her tender frame ;  
It softly closed her eyes of blue,  
Shutting her eyelids tight ;  
And a lone one weeps, while Nellie sleeps  
Away from all the light.

Just at the setting of the sun,  
An angel flitted by,  
And bore her on his shadowy wings  
Beyond the far, blue sky ;  
Strange tones now greet the listening ear—  
Strange steps are at the door,  
But at our call, the loved of all,  
Sweet Nellie, comes no more.

## THE MARTYR OF FREEDOM.

"I am going up."—GEN. LYON.

HE died, our gallant Lyon,  
He sleeps, his mission done ;  
Gone from the din of battle,  
The glorious victory won ;  
O ! our belovèd country,  
For thee his blood was shed,  
He gave to thee his life, his all ;  
He fills a gory bed.

He went forth when the summer  
Was in its early prime,  
To fight his country's battles,  
And hide its sin and crime,—  
The autumn winds are wailing  
A solemn dirge for him ;  
And o'er that fated battle-field,  
They breathe his requiem.

When asked if he was wounded,  
" Not much, not much," he said ;  
But still they knew him dying,  
His glazing eyes were staid ;  
And as they slowly gathered,

The darker films of night,  
He uttered, "I am going up,"  
And took his heavenward flight.

So died he, freedom's martyr,  
Just in his manhood's prime ;  
From the battle-field they bore him,  
From his last summer time,  
In triumph to his native hills,  
With his sword upon his breast ;  
And the autumn winds are sighing still,  
Above his place of rest.

## SHOALS.

UPON life's ever changeful sea,  
How many voyagers there be,—  
Some just receding from the shore,  
And some, in part, to sail no more ;  
While others still with shattered mast,  
Along the dangerous shoals are cast.

The gray-haired sire of three score years,  
The brawl of beating surges hears ;  
And listening to the startling sound  
Of " Vessel wrecked ! ho ! ship aground !"  
His wisdom, impotent to save  
From whirlpool waves and yawning grave.

And manhood, in its prime goes down  
Beneath the wild sea's mighty frown ;  
The surging billows, madly tossed,  
Shriek fearfully, all hope is lost ;  
The breakers dash from shore to shore,  
The craft careens, to cruise no more.

## FAIR AND FALSE.

"Spring is only winter warmed and painted green,"  
WIT AND WISDOM.

HE gave me friendship's jewel,  
He said 't was passing bright ;  
And I too saw heaven's brightness, even  
Reflected in its light ;  
But not the pure coin I had thought,  
It tarnished in my hold ;  
And not for the counterfeit would I  
Have my love-token sold.

He brought the rarest flower,  
And laid it at my feet ;  
He told me that its budding blooms  
For wintry skies were meet ;  
But when the cold snow like a crown,  
Came falling from the sky,  
And touched the petals of my flower.  
I saw it droop and die.

He gave me then his heart's love,  
He said 't would never fail ;  
But, like the jewel and the flower,  
I watched its beams grow pale ;



And found that I had been deceived  
With a fair outside show,  
And false as fair ; but it is past—  
Why should I sorrow now ?

## THOU ART GONE.

"I'm going through the eternal gates,  
Ere the June roses bloom."

MRS. OSGOOD'S LAST POEM.

AND thou art gone, sweet poetess !  
Thy feet have left life's wilderness,  
And thou hast safely entered in  
That land where lies no path of sin ;  
Those blessed gates ope'd wide for thee,  
And thou art in eternity !

June's lovely roses, too, are fled ;  
Like thee they are among the dead.  
Not so the roses thou didst give ;  
They bloom in beauty yet ; they live,  
Unfading flowers of the mind,—  
We thank thee for them, left behind.

We thank thee for thy dying song,  
Sweet echo, as thou pass'd along  
The tide that bore thee from our sight ;  
For thou could'st sing, even though the night  
Had gathered o'er thee all too soon—  
While yet thy life was in its noon.

Sing on, sing on, forever sing !  
Thy choicest, sweetest flow'rets bring !  
And though we may not see them here,  
We'll know they bloom in beauty there ;  
Where nothing good will e'er decay,  
And nothing bright e'er fade away.

Harp of sweet sound, farewell, farewell !  
May thy vibrations ever dwell  
Upon our ear—and when we fear  
To die, O be thou ever near,  
To cheer us in our parting breath,  
And gild with light the gates of death.

## SONNET TO LAKE MICHIGAN.

GREAT LAKE ! thou hast been sung in rapturous verse,  
In strains, sweetly sublime, both true and terse :  
Poets and poetesses have felt the spell  
Of thy vast beauty, and, with lingering feet,  
Paused to behold the varying surge and swell,  
And foaming fringes of thy snowy sheet ;  
Or, as thy waves grew placid, calm and still,  
When the soft amber clouds thy bosom fill ;  
And what in just praise of thee, unsung now,  
Can yet be shrined in song,—but that I bow,  
In unfeigned adoration, at thy side,  
Entranced by the sparkling crystal of thy tide ;  
Thou bearest on thy rushing flood, to-day,  
My soul, in tumults of delight, away.

A MOTHER'S KEEPSAKES.

HERE is an infant's rattle,  
Once held by a tiny hand ;  
A little basket full of shells,  
A book of pictures, and  
  
A little china baby,  
Dressed just the very same,  
As by that tiny hand 't was dressed,  
Called by the same sweet name.

These were her little treasures,  
And I keep them for her sake ;  
There were others that she left me, when  
She slept, no more to wake.

There's a little dress of muslin,  
And a snowy pinafore ;  
I keep them, though I know that she  
Will never need them more.

But none of all these treasures,  
So like her looks, as does  
A pair of silken stockings,  
And a pair of half-worn shoes.

The little feet that wore them,  
So oft in infant play;  
I listen for, and think I hear  
Their echoes far away.

## ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

A STRONG man from the ranks of men uprose,  
Battling for Freedom, mighty 'gainst its foes ;  
Renowned in time of peace as well as war ;  
As oft Herculean tasks his strength did test,  
His stalwart strokes resounding near and far,  
Among the shades of our great, glorious West ;  
Meantime our Nation's wants had called him forth ;

Looking upon him as the great God-send,  
In such rebellious times his strength to lend ;  
No other name could call the uprisen North ;  
Conquest on conquest did his might achieve ;  
On Fame's loud trumpet-tongue his praise did swell ;  
Lincoln, the great, the good, the people grieve—  
Nobly he lived, by ignoble hand he fell.

## AN HOUR PAST MIDNIGHT.

'T WAS then she died, 't was then she died,  
My sister young and fair ;  
Peacefully did her spirit glide  
Adown the dark and narrow tide,  
And she lay like a sleeper there.

I was not near, I was not near,  
When she gave her parting breath ;  
But her dying words fell on my ear,  
As her accents strange I paused to hear,  
And I knew 't was the work of death.

She came to die, she came to die,  
In this far-off prairie land ;  
She little thought her grave would lie  
Where the rank grass waves so tall and high,  
Where those white enclosures stand.

I 'll deck her grave, I 'll deck her grave  
With the earliest flowers of Spring ;  
And the willow with its weeping wave,  
Shall ever softly, sweetly lave  
The offerings I 'll bring.



O! the hour of one, the hour of one,  
    When night hath her mantle spread;  
As the bell e'er strikes that solemn tone,  
And I waken oft alone, alone,  
    I think of my sister dead.

## A THOUGHT AT TWILIGHT.

A SADNESS o'er my spirit steals  
As fades the light of day,  
A thought of grief my heart reveals  
That hath not passed away.

With insect notes the air is rife,  
The stars look gently down,  
As if to chide the changeful life  
The human heart hath known.

Upbraid me not, ye stars that shine  
So lovingly and bright,  
Ye list not what a world is mine  
Of mingled shade and light.

WHERE ARE THEY?

“What bosom shall heave when I sigh?  
What tears shall respond when I weep?  
To my sorrows what voice shall reply?  
What eye mark the vigils I keep?”

BYRON.

THE friends that stood around my path in summer's  
joyous hour,  
Before my soul had known this grief and felt its darkling  
power,  
Before life's fairer flowers all had faded from my brow,  
The friends that gathered 'round me then, oh! where,  
where are they now?

I know a cloud, full thick and dark, has loomed up on  
my way;  
No spot of sunshine from between may reach me many  
a day;  
And I shall sit in darkness now, with scarce a ray of  
light  
To break the deep, dim shadows that have turned my  
day to night.

And I shall miss those household words that broke upon  
my ear;  
And I shall often breathe a sigh, and drop a sorrowing  
tear;

But none but God will ever know how much the heart  
can bear,  
As where no other ear but His can hear my bitter  
prayer.

And I have prayed, have prayed for death, which came  
not unto me ;  
Why should I live, or wish to live, when life a death  
can be ?  
Not for myself alone I ask the boon of living now,  
Only for these, for they are all that are left me here  
below.

'T is not in gold, or glittering gems, or wealth, or power,  
or fame,  
Or house or home, or lands, for these have but an empty  
name  
To soothe the pained and weary heart, or give it rest  
and ease,  
To bid its wretchedness depart, and each wild tumult  
cease.

'T is not of these I speak, but more, yet I can give  
them up,  
For not one drop that I may drink can overrun the cup  
That my unwilling lips have quaffed till there seemed  
nothing still  
To add to that full measure which a frowning fate  
could fill.

And now upon the stormy sea of life I stand alone ;  
No sails unfurled to catch the breeze, the spars and  
    rudder gone,  
No anchor cast, no pilot's hand to guide me to the shore ;  
What shall I when the angry waves shall dash my  
    vessel o'er ?

The friends that sailed around me in a calm and placid  
    sea,  
They were not made for suffering, what are such friends  
    to me ?  
The fairest flowers I have worn have paled upon my  
    brow,  
The friends that gathered round me then, oh ! where,  
    where are they now ?

## TO IDA.

A THOUGHT is in my heart, Ida,  
When shall we meet again ;  
For sometimes, when the loving part,  
They ever thus remain.

My thoughts will turn to thee, Ida,  
When a cloud is o'er them cast,  
And thou wilt sometimes think of me  
When a lonely day is past.

I shall miss thy pleasant face, Ida,  
At morning and at eve,  
And who will ever fill thy place,  
Or equal pleasure give ?

The flowers will sweetly bloom, Ida,  
The flowers you love so well,  
And Autumn's tints and Winter's gloom  
Pass over hill and dale.

And Spring times come and go, Ida,  
Of life and of the year,  
Nor each of us the other know,  
Nor each be other near.

The friendships of the heart, Ida,  
May not be lightly riven,  
We're joyful for the goodly part,  
Which hath to us been given.

Amid the flights of time, Ida,  
As he plies his ceaseless wing,  
Where all things have their wane and prime  
And life 's a changeful thing.

Then a farewell word is light, Ida,  
And the sounds will pass away,  
In a world that 's beautiful and bright,  
Where reigns a nightless day.

## LINES.

ADDRESSED TO THE PUPILS OF G—O FEMALE SEMINARY.

THERE were school-girl days like yours, in a far-off  
Eastern land,  
Ye remind me of my school-day hours, amid that youth-  
ful band;  
They are scattered o'er the earth, from the East unto  
the West,  
And some have done with things of time, and entered  
into rest.

Our hearts were light as yours, for they then were free  
from care,  
The summer sun shone in our hearts, 't was summer  
always there;  
And we gathered flowers, like you, of every hue and  
shade,  
From the fertile gardens of the mind, and from the  
verdant glade.

And we treasured up the rare thoughts that came unto  
us then,  
O! sweet, bright thoughts of early days, how ye bring  
them back again;



The deep impression which they made, effaced may  
never be,  
As they sealed the future, weal or woe, of our future  
destiny.

Ye are a happy circle, of youth and children dear,  
And broken it hath never been, as onward year by  
year,  
Ye have passed with noble toil, for the meed of praise  
ye 've won,  
May the choicest blessings on ye rest, until your toil be  
done.

## TO ADA.

Addressed to Mrs. Wilbur, by the Principal of G——o Female Seminary.

WE love to hear thy voice, Ada,  
Of music and of song;  
And love thy gifts to 'twine, Ada,  
Our simple flowers among.  
We have no gifts like thine, Ada,  
To give thee in return;  
But our hearts most true and kind, Ada,  
For thee in kindness burn.

We are a happy band, Ada,  
For we are young, and free,  
As birds that sing all day, Ada,  
And roam the air in glee.  
But we hope when we are older, Ada,  
To be as wise as thou;  
And sing and write of "Nettie" dear,  
As you for us do now.

Our hearts are fresh and young, Ada,  
As summer blossoms now,  
They'll ne'er grow chill and cold, Ada,  
While the "fount of love" shall flow.

The summer flowers are gone, Ada,  
The autumn winds are here ;  
But the flowers of Love and Peace, Ada,  
Will ne'er be dry and sear.

And may the "fount of love," Ada,  
As it travels on its way ;  
But channel deeper for you, Ada,  
To bless you every day.  
The flowers grow on its brink, Ada,  
Forever for fresh and fair ;  
The cold wind ne'er chills them, Ada,  
A golden sun is there.

O, may you e'er be blest, Ada,  
With friends who love you well ;  
And the light of love and hope, Ada,  
Within your breast e'er dwell.  
A noble gift is thine, Ada,  
Of music and of song,  
And tuned will be your harp, Ada,  
The angels harps among.

We hope to learn the song, Ada,  
The angels sing above,  
While we are young and well, Ada,  
The song of peace and love.

This world is bright and fair, Ada,  
But we know the angel-home  
Is brighter, fairer still, Ada,  
For God is there, the sun.

THE SILENT HARP.

PART FIRST.

I HUNG the harp long since away,  
Its strings neglected lie ;  
And many an unremembered lay,  
Hath pass'd my spirit by.

The music of my soul is gone,  
And hushed each varied note ;  
A change the human heart hath known  
That wears not idly out.

And time doth change ; the passing year  
How many a tale hath told,  
As onward in its swift career  
The ceaseless moments rolled.

The stream that flow'd so gently on,  
With sunbeams dancing o'er,  
Is shadow'd, and the flowery lawn  
Will blush at eve no more.

But oh ! there is that ne'er should change—  
The heart's deep fount of love,  
And though all other thoughts estrange,  
Be sealed like that above.

## PART SECOND.

A fitful breath came sweeping o'er  
Its strings at even-tide ;  
Only one lay, one echo more,  
The shadowy spirit cried.

And then there came an answering note,  
As each vibration drew  
An untold word, a hidden thought,  
And into form it grew.

It had a memory of one (a deceased father,)  
Who sleeps a dreamless sleep,  
And one the sleeper well had known,  
Ne'er at his grave may weep.

How many a circle time hath run,  
Since on that spot we met ;  
Thou early home and dear hearth-stone,  
How has thy glory set ?

O, sweetly rest, far, far away  
From this wide prairie home ;  
O tuneless harp, awake and play  
A dirge for that unseen tomb.

Breathe forth a high, a holy hope,  
Ere thy faint echoes cease :  
That the loved spirit went not up,  
But in the light of Peace.

## ELEGIAC LINES

On the death of PARKMAN, a young lad, son of W. O. and H. M. Rockwood, who was recently killed while playing in a cellar, by the falling in of a bank of earth.

BUT yesterday around their board,  
Gathered a happy band ;  
To-day, around one vacant place,  
A tearful group they stand.

Two little feet will nevermore  
Come bounding in from play ;  
Two little hands have ceased their work,  
Pulseless in death they lay.

The love-light of those beaming eyes  
Is looked for now in vain ;  
For never, through the livelong day,  
Will it return again.

Fond mother, raise your weeping eyes,  
To yonder realms of light,  
And think your darling one is there,  
Though hidden from your sight.

And father, when your eye is dim  
With tears you fain would hide,  
Think not your little Parkman lost,  
Though missing from your side.

Brothers and sisters, ne'er forget  
One who to you was dear,  
Tho' where you have been wont to meet,  
He is no longer near.

O mourners for the early dead,  
Ye do not weep alone ;  
How many broken hearts to-day,  
Bleed for some idol gone.

Some household god, at whose sweet shrine  
They daily knelt to pray,  
Till He, who looks with jealous eyes,  
Their treasure snatched away.

We linger oft by lonely hearths,  
Whose fires have ceased to burn,  
And vainly watch for buried lights,  
Once quenched, that ne'er return.

But as our cherished joys depart,  
And vanish, one by one,  
We 'll teach our wayward hearts to say,  
"Father, thy will be done."



## GOOD BYE

'T is a sad, sad word, but 'tis often heard  
As a tear-drop moistens the eye.  
And wherever we go, in this world below,  
We still hear the sound of good bye.

'T is a sorrowful sound, and is always found,  
Though it be spoken joyfully,  
A gloom to cast over thoughts of the past,  
And a dread of the bidding, good bye.

We love to meet, and a friend to greet,  
For life's friendships quickly fly;  
But it seems a cloy to the present joy,  
When we utter the word, good bye.

It is hard to stand, clasping another hand,  
Watching the swift minutes go by,  
When a few moments more, we must close the door  
On the loved form, and say, good bye.

With an aching heart, from a friend we part,  
And whenever our last reply  
Breaks on the ear, we but only hear,  
The same tearful word, good bye.

We hope to love in the world above,  
Where true love never will die ;  
Nor hear again, with a thrill of pain,  
That mournful sentence, good bye.

MY REQUEST.

"I call each sear and yellow leaf,  
A buried friend to me."

O, DECK my grave with flowers,  
When I am dead,  
Their sweet and fragrant bowers,  
Above me spread.

Bring ye all kinds and colors  
To blossom there,  
Those of all tints and odors,  
All that are fair.

Bring ye the willow, weeping  
Forever on,  
Plant it where I am sleeping,  
My grave upon.]

And trailing vines and woodbine  
My tomb to shade;  
Such as I loved to entwine,  
Give to me, dead.

## LUTHER CRAWFORD LADD. \*

"I shall go for my stars and stripes."

LUTHER C. LADD.

Look back a space, four fleeting years,  
Unroll the badge yet bathed in tears;  
Turn ye the sod that still is green.  
Here Luther Crawford Ladd is seen,  
Etched with a point, the sombrous flood,  
Reveals a record stained with blood.

Can pen portray the murderous hour?  
Reflect the fierce blade's fearful power,  
And he a bleeding corse was seen,  
Whose years but numbered seventeen.  
"For my country's stars and stripes I'll go."  
Only for a brief space, and so,  
Roll back the sod that groweth green:  
"Died, at Baltimore, April nineteen."

Look forward through the deepening years;  
A crown the hero-martyr wears;  
Dark was his fate, whose hand, I ween,  
Doomed the boy soldier of seventeen.

\* A Massachusetts volunteer, and the first victim of the war;  
killed by the rebels at Baltimore, April 19, 1861, aged 17 years.

APRIL CLOUDS.

LIGHTS and shadows, they come and go,  
With ever varying motion ;  
As the dark and surging waters do,  
Of the ever restless ocean.

And as children in a summer day  
Chase on in their youthful glee,  
Those momentary shadows play,  
O'er the bright aerial sea.

And they wait not for the look or smile,  
Or the eye to class them there,  
But thwarting and convolved awhile,  
Vanish away in air.

Float on ! ye vapory veils, float on !  
'T is not for nought ye range  
The realms of space, where the glorious sun  
Creates, and makes ye change.

## DISAPPOINTMENT.

## A SONNET.

How few but know the meaning of that word,  
And understand the lesson it conveys,  
As, being thwarted in some pleasant ways  
Which our convenience promised to afford;  
Albeit, some trifling obstacle prevents  
The just accomplishment of cherished plans,  
Or, altogether hinders the events;  
And substitutes uncertain ifs and ands,  
And so forths, thus the poet now doth sing.  
Though fully intent on transient change of place,  
Dost rather (not with much of spirit grace,)  
Accept the bare intention 'stead the thing;  
Most happy they, who, with a peaceful soul,  
Yield uncomplainingly to Fate's control.

## KANKAKEE.

It is a charming little place,  
Rarely excelled in rural grace ;  
Its winding river bears the name  
Of city built upon the same ;  
No clearer waters may we see,  
Than flow adown the Kankakee.

With dwelling, church, and well filled store,  
It boasts four thousand souls or more ;  
People of every trade and craft,  
With warp and woof enough to waft  
Thoughts, like to wingèd spirits free  
From yon bright city, Kankakee.

June odors penetrate each room,  
June roses, too, are in the bloom ;  
What joy to wander far away,  
And pluck the fragrant flower to-day,  
From bending bush, and branching tree,  
Embowering the Kankakee.

Great cities often are, at best,  
Places wherein we sigh for rest ;  
Rest, which not for our sighing comes,  
As may be found in rural homes ;  
And here 's a heart that sighs for thee,  
Sequestered vale of Kankakee.

## FREE.

As free as a bird of the air,  
When it soars through the ether away,  
When no tempest, nor storm, nor the winds,  
Can the flight of its free pinions stay.

As free as the sweet-scented flower,  
That blooms on the prairie all day,  
Or the sunshine that sleeps on its breast,  
Or the dew drops that late on it lay.

As free as all nature can be,  
In her freaks that she plays like a child,  
When she laughs or she cries in her game,  
And fairly she seems to run wild.

From vain wishes and vainer desires,  
As free as the freest can be,  
I ask not, I care not for else,  
O! this is the freedom for me.



## MAY.

MAY, smiling May,  
Is with us to-day,  
Renewed by the late April showers;  
Bedecked like a queen,  
Yet more beauteous, I ween,  
She brings us the fairest of flowers.

May, budding May,  
Each branch doth o'erlay  
With green leaves the glory of Spring;  
Whither song birds may come,  
For a sweet Summer home,  
To enchant with the songs they may sing.

May, joyous May,  
Ne'er bride was more gay,  
Than she, in her bright robes arrayed;  
Mossy carpets she weaves,  
Till her bosom upheaves  
With the wealth by its labor betrayed.

May, fairy May,  
Like an elfin at play,

Scatters fragrance with bounteous hand;  
    Enough, and to spare,  
    Unto each that will share,  
Through the length and the breadth of the land.

JUNE.

OF the fair sisters three,  
The fairest to see,  
She comes with her hands full of roses;  
Having been at her play,  
Through the advent of May,  
She now works while her sister reposes.

May, April, and June,  
This best suits our tune,  
The sunshine and shadow combining;  
April, sister of tears,  
May, more glory wears,  
June, rose wreaths for all is entwining.

Young, pet, but not spoiled,  
Not a fair, fair page spoiled  
Like a writer's unskillful in rhyming;  
Not a beauty is lost,  
Wont to charm us the most,  
As may follow a discord in chiming.

Of this beautiful maid,  
Let each one that is staid  
In old ways, a new lesson be learning;

That if sorrow beguiles,  
There are joys, sighs, and smiles,  
That are born, if the spirit be yearning.

If dark clouds and rain,  
Again and again,  
Overspread, till the sad heart repining,  
Sees nothing but gloom,  
Remember the bloom,  
And the sun that, though hidden, is shining.

June roses and bloom,  
Just out of the gloom,  
Show that life over death is excelling;  
With a deep meaning rife,  
Resurrectionized life,  
June buddings and blossoms are swelling.

**BOUNCING BETTY.**

GET up, pretty maiden, and make your bed,  
The frosts are gone, and the sun is red ;  
The blindest of breezes are floating by,  
And the soft clouds hang in the silvery sky.

Get up, get up ! for the spring has come,  
And the dear little birds are flying home ;  
The dew drops lie on the fresh young grass,  
And are waiting to welcome you as they pass.

Wake up, wake up ! and look at the light,  
And dream no more of the long, long night ;  
The lily has risen up ever so high,  
And the lilac is flinging its incense nigh.

Lie not so still 'mid the voice of song,  
And the odor of flowers so sweet and strong ;  
Though homely your name, you are fair to see,  
And ever the love of the honey bee.

O, sleep no more, for the greenest green  
In the valleys and over the hills is seen ;  
For the violets blue are now peeping out,  
And the daisies are dallying all about.

The leaflets are spreading themselves to the sun,  
And the cowslips to blossom have just begun ;  
The primrose is greeting the dull buttercup,  
With her choicest of fragrance, get up ! get up !

## WISHES.

I WISH I were a shining star,  
Set in a paling sky;  
Sending my brightest beams afar,  
When shadows flitted by.

I wish I were a sweet-voiced bird,  
To sing my tuneful lay,  
When the leaves with softest airs are stirred  
Just at the break of day.

I wish I were a fairy queen,  
O'er a fair realm to reign;  
I'd guide my subjects well, I ween,  
And treat none with disdain.

I wish I were a butterfly,  
Tarrying but for a time;  
I'd spread my tinted wings and try  
To find a fairer clime.

I wish I were the God of Love  
When his arrows *sure* he throws,  
*Some* heart my latent power should move  
With love for *me*, who knows?

I wish I were some other self,  
Anything but I am ;  
I 'm weary of this drone and delf,  
Always the very same.

I wish, but wishes are vain things,  
And give not what we ask ;  
I 'll cease my vague imaginings,  
And seek a nobler task.



SUMMER MUSINGS.

THE sunshine after rain,  
Out yonder lie the yellow fields;  
The earth her golden harvest yields,  
Of flower, fruit, and grain.

The reapers' shouts are glad,  
For favors from the Unseen Hand,  
That scatters plenty through the land;  
And how can one be sad?

Down in yon quiet dale  
The honeysuckle lures the bee;  
The amateur of flowers may see  
The lilies of the vale.

E'en Solomon in state  
Could not outvie this simple flower,  
Clothed by the same Almighty Power  
That fixes human fate.

Each blade of grass so green,  
Phoenix-like, from dead ashes grew;  
Each keeping still its drop of dew,  
Though all unlike is seen.

The flower, grass, and grain,  
Gay-plumed birds on glancing wing,  
His goodness and His glory sing ;  
The sunshine and the rain.

## THE CROWN.

"My crown is in my heart; not on my head."—SHAKESPEARE.

WHO wisteth what their crown shall be,  
Whose is an anxious brow?  
The thoughts of it bewilder me—  
Bewilder even now.

Though some, led on by lure of gain,  
Lose sight of higher things,  
I'll calmly yield my soul to pain,  
For the recompense it brings.

If others strangely careless seem,  
'Till the swift years be past,  
I must each fleeting point redeem,  
For the reward at last.

Like the wise virgins, famed of old,  
My midnight lamp I'll trim,  
Lest, when my Master's feast He hold,  
Its light be burning dim.

Or in the heart, or on the head,  
Our crown may find its place;  
The vantage ground that all may tread,  
Covers but little space.

Out yonder stands the waiting goal—  
The victors enter in ;  
Whose name is on the muster-roll ?  
Who striveth, sure shall win.

GENTLE WORDS.

SPEAK gently, it may dry the tear  
From some sad, tearful eye,  
May bid some face a smile to wear,  
Repress some rising sigh.

Speak gently when the strong man falls  
From youth's first love away,  
For ever to his heart there calls  
Sad voices of to-day.

Speak gently when the mother weeps  
Above her early dead,  
For 't is a weary watch she keeps,  
Then softly, lightly tread.

Speak gently to the little one,  
Its heart is free from care,  
And it will learn, alas! full soon,  
What life's stern lessons are.

Speak gently to the erring, when  
From virtue's path they stray :  
Perchance, a kind word spoken then  
May point the better way.

Speak gently unto all, for thou  
A gentle word may crave,  
And then it will remind thee, how  
'T was in thy power to save.

ONE ONLY.

ONE little pet,  
To love me yet,  
Though all else are unheeding ;  
To come to my arms,  
Radiant with charms,  
While the dull hours are speeding.

One little love,  
A sweet-voiced dove,  
Through all the long days singing ;  
When the sun comes down,  
Turning sere and brown,  
The branch of olive bringing.

One little flower.  
To grace my bower,  
Where all is fading, dying ;  
With a fragrant breath,  
In this vale of death,  
The shafts of Fate defying.

One little sweet,  
Around my feet,

That tread no path of roses ;  
All the thorns to turn,  
As they follow the urn,  
Where the dust of the dead reposes.



## THE PARTING.

THE dreaded hour came at last,  
The dearest love of youth was past,  
Past was the joy that O! so long  
Had blessed and made my spirit strong :  
A shadow on my pathway fell,  
With those last words, farewell, farewell!

The shrouded form that silent lies  
Before us when the dear one dies,  
Throws back its image on the heart,  
But when we from the living part,  
Like some unwelcome funeral knell,  
It comes to us, farewell ! farewell !

What hath been cherished gone before,  
That which hath been, to be no more,  
The faded light of other years,  
The future with its hopes and fears,  
Came o'er me like some secret spell,  
With those sad words, farewell ! farewell !

The clammy drops stood on my brow,  
I feel their dampness even now ;  
And tear-drops on my heart there lay,  
That never can be washed away ;

No pen can write, nor tongue can tell,  
How deep the words, farewell! farewell!

And as the swift hours glided by ;  
I felt alas ! how bitterly  
The heart can feel but still live on,  
When that which nourished it hath gone ;  
O ! none but they who know, can tell  
How hard to say farewell ! farewell !

A hidden fount that long had slept  
Within my breast was touched, I wept ;  
Wept as doth weep a little child,  
Wept with a grief both strange and wild,  
And often will the bosom swell,  
With those last words, farewell ! farewell !

## TO THE ABSENT.

FORGET thee? No! can I forget

One always dear to me?

Though other thoughts oppress me, yet

Will I remember thee.

Though winter, with his icy arms

Has fled, and spring with all its charms

Its smiling on us from the plain,

The forest, and the rill again,

Though birds of sweetest carolling

Among the new-born foliage sing,

And every breath of every breeze

Awakens tenderest sympathies,

Without THEE I am lonely still,

And I but bear thy absence ill.

The changing seasons come and go,

And earthly prospects ebb and flow,

And what we have not known we know,

As of the simple and the strange,

Alike our destiny;

So, all the things bear the marks of change,

But my heart's love to thee.

## LILLIE.

SHE sleeps, all in the spring-time,  
One of its early flowers ;  
I know it by the mournful chime  
That breaks the morning hours.

She plumed her little wings for flight,  
Like birds of wandering wing,  
And left this sphere of shade and light,  
In other spheres to sing.

But birds and flowers will come again,  
Though we ne'er hear her song,  
When balmy winds sweep o'er the plain,  
And dewy bowers among.

Plant on her grave the lily white,  
All of the purest hue ;  
And Anemone, so frail and light,  
For she was fragile too.

A floweret of a fairer clime,  
Among the heavenly bowers,  
Transplanted in the spring-time,  
One of its early flowers.

## LITTLE DAISY.

“ ‘ Daisy is in Heaven,’ said little Katy, musingly. ‘ Why do you cry, mamma ? Don’t you like to have God keep her for you ? ’ ”—  
*Ruth Hall.*

I HAD a little Daisy once,  
It was an autumn flower ;  
And when the days grew cold and chill,  
It faded from my bower.

The blighting frosts my Daisy touched,  
I felt their withering breath  
Fall on my blossom, as it lay  
In the embrace of death.

I had no other Daisy, then,  
’T was “ Benjamin ” alone ;  
Nothing to twine my love around,  
When my sweet bud was gone.

I note the time, since Daisy died,  
Spring, with its early bloom,  
The Summer with its sultry suns,  
The deep autumnal gloom.

And where they laid my Daisy, dear,  
The winter, with its snows,  
Enshroud like some good angel wing,  
When the rude Northwind blows.

But still, my little Daisy lives,  
And at each morn' and even'  
I pray my darling one and I  
May meet again in Heaven.

## GONE.

"Now nought is left but silence: silence evermore."

WHERE "Little Katie" used to play,  
And make it sunshine every day,  
A shadow dim has passed before ;  
Alas ! 't is "silence evermore."

No little voice, nor look, nor smile,  
To lure the heart from care the while.  
No, her sweet ministry is o'er,  
'T is nought but "silence evermore."

And every token still is vain,  
To bring the dear one back again ;  
And vainer, fondest wishes, for  
It still is "silence evermore."

How many faces sad to see,  
Where "Little Katie" used to be ;  
How many hearts have felt the power  
Of that lone "silence evermore."

## DREAMING.

I 've been dreaming, dreaming, dreaming,  
Of a home away,  
Where the sun is brightly gleaming,  
And the shadows play ;  
Where my sweet-voiced little children  
Came to me in glee.  
Then it was a happy greeting,  
When they came to me.

I 've been dreaming, dreaming, dreaming,  
Of a buoyant youth,  
With a mind with knowledge beaming,  
And a love of truth ;  
Ever onward, ever upward,  
Be his motto now,  
Till he winneth greater laurels  
Than the conqueror's brow.

I 've been dreaming, dreaming, dreaming,  
Of a maiden fair ;  
With her eyes of gentle seeming,  
And her shining hair ;  
Of her brow as fresh as morning,  
Where I used to kiss,  
All along my daily pathway,  
These are what I miss.



I 've been dreaming, dreaming, dreaming,  
    Over all the past,  
Of the future as its shadows  
    All before are cast ;  
O'er the future, past and present,  
    Of life's ceaseless stream,  
Would that I could think it only  
    As an idle dream.

## THEY HAVE FADED AWAY.

## A JUVENILE OFFERING.

My summer flowers have faded away,  
Their withered leaves in the garden lay;  
I loved to gather them every day,  
I shall gather no more, they have faded away.

My violets blue have faded away  
Which I culled from the prairie in May, sweet May.  
The loveliest things are of briefest stay,  
For my violets blue have faded away.

The crimson rose has faded away  
That climbed on the lattice every day,  
Where a pleasant shade for my dear ones to play  
It made, but alas ! it has faded away.

The cypress wreaths have faded away,  
The frost-king came one darksome day—  
I saw where his snow-white fingers lay,  
And they, with the rest, have faded away.

Many pure, bright thoughts have faded away  
That came with the flowers every day;  
I treasured some in my heart to lay,  
But the rest with the flowers have faded away.

Sweet flowers, bright thoughts, they have faded away.

Yet above their tomb a voice seems to say

They will come again on another day,

And thou shalt not say "they have faded away."

## TO JENNIE.

BY CARACTICAS.

Who is Jennie, this sweet songstress ?  
O, how lovely she must be ;  
Thus I've mused for hours together,  
All my thoughts bent straight on thee,  
Bent on thee, Jennie, though I know not  
Who thou art, or what you be.

Still, I believe thou art lovely, Jennie,  
And I know your mind is pure ;  
Yes, 't is pure and bright as silver,  
Or the water brought of yore .  
From the rocks, by God's own order,  
That into Israel's camp did pour.

I wish I knew you better, Jennie,  
I wish we even once had met ;  
But ah ! I fear that single meeting  
I should ne'er again forget,  
But wish that we had " never parted,"  
Or that we had " never met."

Farewell, Jennie, Fame's loud trumpet,  
Will drive away all thoughts of me ;

The laurel wreath around thy temple,  
Shall proud admirers bring to thee;  
But be thou careful, gentle Jennie,  
Trust not all who bend the knee.

## A PICTURE.

THEY call me Jennie, and the name  
Is short and sweet ;  
And yet, though strange, I seldom turn,  
The sound to greet.

A trifle above medium height,  
Slender and tall ;  
Of modest mein, and measured tread,  
Graceful withal.

With hazel eyes, and brow serene,  
Complexion fair ;  
A sad, yet smiling countenance,  
And dark brown hair,

Which once was much disposed to curl,  
But not much now ;  
It gently undulates above  
A low, calm brow.

The lips compressed, as if deep thought  
Engrossed the mind ;  
With manners affable to win ;  
Pleasant, and kind.

Of habit, taciturn and mild,  
    Loquacious, rare ;  
Though gifted in the arts of speech,  
    Of language spare.

Ignoring much the common craft  
    Of gossip-lore ;  
But given to the higher arts  
    Of learning, more.

To moods of lightness, seldom lent,  
    Of pensive cast ;  
Delighting in retirement most,  
    The Picture hast.

## "THE PICTURE."

TO JENNIE, BY ANON.]

A PICTURE, rich and rare, I've found,  
All set in diamonds bright;  
And if you look at it with care,  
Its beauties flash in any light.  
'T is of a lady,  
Sweet and fair,  
"With hazel eyes, and dark brown hair."

A stranger whom—(I've never met.)  
Of graceful form and modest mien;  
"A sad, yet smiling countenance,"  
Complexion fair, and brow serene,"  
Her name I know,  
And here repeat,  
'T is simply "Jennie, short and sweet."

The "picture" I have studied well,—  
Approve it—(and just here would say:)  
The owner something I could tell,  
If she should ever chance this way  
And here would say,  
I love this sweet  
And charming, little "*Carte de Visite*."



## " TO ANON."

A WORD of thanks to the unknown  
Admirer of the lines, my own  
    Humble physique portrayed;  
Would the original had come.  
In guise to merit praises, some  
    More fitting garb arrayed.

But since " Anon " was pleased to see  
The written portraiture of me,  
    A poetess by fame,  
As unpretending as the lines  
Through which my mental beauty shines,  
    To beautify my name;

Since it hath prompted a response,  
It also prompteth me, at once,  
    To acknowledge the receipt,  
By " Union " from some flowery vale,  
As that should be called, "Valley Dale,"  
    Of a little "*Carte de Visite*."

Most lovely must be "Valley Dale,"  
And beautiful the lilies pale

That grace each fragrant nook ;  
Alas ! that pent in city walls,  
I ne'er may see its rustic halls,  
Nor on its wealth e'er look.

And, since the boon my fate denies,  
To bask beneath those azure skies,  
To seek that sunny spot,  
I'll sing my glad songs day by day,  
And strive to learn as well as I may  
Contentment with my lot.

## TO MRS. WILBUR.

BY ANON.

THAT little "picture" still I keep,  
And often at it take a peep ;  
    For through it shines,  
    More glorious far,  
A soul outvieing any star,  
    A mine of beau-  
    Ty and of worth,  
More valued than the mines of earth.

How then could I, with artist's eye,  
Pass such a little treasure by ;  
    No ! I must pause,  
    And look again,  
For thus the "picture" doth remain,  
    Engraven deep-  
    Ly on my heart,  
That beauteous, charming little *carte*.

The lines I wrote were not in view,  
Of calling out such "thanks from you,  
    The UNION'S pet,  
    A poetess by fame ;"

By nature, practice, too, I claim ;  
Kindly accep-  
Ted though they be,  
And here acknowledged are by me.

Ah ! pity that such worth as thine,  
In "city's pent up" halls should pine,  
Its freshness thus  
To waste away,  
'Mid towering walls of stone and clay.  
Why not the privi-  
lege avail  
Thyself, and "seek out Valley Dale."

A beauteous "nook" as e'er was seen,  
Is Valley Dale all clad in green ;  
Where warble wild  
Birds from each tree,  
On the banks of lovely Kankakee ;  
The sun shines bright  
Ly in this vale,  
This "fragrant nook," sweet Valley Dale.

## AN ACROSTIC SONNET.

INSCRIBED TO "S. P. S."

SOFTER than dews adown the twilight skies,  
Have fallen thine accents on my listening ear ;  
Each strain, spell-bound and wrapt, I paused to hear ;  
Placed in my heart's shrine, thy soul's utterance lies,  
Away from fear of canker or decay ;  
Refreshing oft the parched and arid ground ;  
Dearer to me than all things else around ;  
Purer than silver still thy fancy's play ;  
So, when the graces fair their awards make,  
May thine for honor, nobleness be given ;  
In true heart, and with merit, hast thou striven ;  
Triumphant ever thou, for all which sake,  
Hast thou my meed of heartfelt praise to-day.

## ACROSTICAL.

BY S. P. S.

Answer to "An Acrostic Sonnet," by Jennie Aurelia Wilbur.

JEWELS oftimes bedeck the crown,  
That weary rests upon the brow ;  
Earth's rarest gems we've often known,  
To fail in their effect e'er now.  
No rose that blooms however sweet,  
But hath a hidden thorn somewhere ;  
No joys of life, howe'er complete,  
That has no counterpart of care ;  
In jewels bright, in starry crowns,  
In richest gems, in purest joy,  
E'en sweetest smiles oft turn to frowns,  
And all earth's pleasures some alloy.

And then among the darkest clouds,  
That sometimes o'er our skies abound,  
Under the gloom that us enshrouds,  
A silver lining 's often found.  
Remembering thus, all through our lives,  
Where much is evil, there's some good ;  
Enduring wrong, when it arrives,  
And not o'er life's afflictions brood.

And we, through life, should ever strive  
To make the most of blessings here—  
Let rude winds blow, our frail barks drive,  
A harbor then 's all more the dear.  
In pondering o'er the world's great plan,  
We find that GOOD and EVIL 's given;  
And we should seek on life's brief span,  
The part to choose, which ends in Heaven.

With pleasure, then, to this, thy creed!  
Would I subscribe—and you, fair friend,  
In giving me your “heartfelt meed,”  
Our souls in mutual oneness blend;  
Let us strive on, though e'er so dearth!  
The way that bids our hearts aspire,  
Beyond the grovelings of earth,  
To something better, nobler, higher.  
Up to that goal, where joys await,  
And “Graces” strew the way with flowers,  
Receive our welcomes at the gate,  
And enter the Elysian bowers.

## THE BRIDAL WREATH.

"I'll not repine o'er summers past."

As carelessly I strayed one day,  
Among the garden bowers,  
I plucked from off the blooming spray,  
One of the fairest flowers.

And, eagerly I took it home,  
A dear and cherished thing,  
To grace my summers yet to come,  
And joy and pleasure bring.

The flower was the bridal wreath,  
Entwined in beauty there ;  
I knew not that withering breath  
Had touched its petals fair.

I looked upon it, with delight,  
Till life seemed new, once more,  
Not thinking that the darkest night,  
Had hung my blossoms o'er,

But soon, I knew that all was past—  
The truth, the love, the joy ;  
And felt that some strange power at last,  
Could, even these, destroy.



Too late, I found that I had brought  
This flower to fill my train;  
For never will it, as I thought,  
Bloom, as it grew, again.

## LOOKING BACK.

O, GIVE me back my early years,  
The light heart and the free;  
What's left hath but a trace of tears,  
For weary eyes to see.

Give back the love that bound me then,  
The broken ties restore;  
I cannot worship truly, when  
When my idols are no more.

I've taught my heart to hope with fear,  
So fleeting are life's joys;  
Lest with a touch profane, it tear  
Away my treasured toys.

For, like some child who loved its play,  
Pleased with that play alone;  
I thought not that I held to-day—  
To-morrow might be gone.

But, even riper age has shown  
Traces of childhood still;  
Although to goodly stature grown,  
With woman's way and will.

O! why regret my early years?  
My heart 's yet light and *free* ;  
And I have smiles as well as tears,  
For loving eyes to see.

## LOOKING FORWARD.

Answer to "Looking Back."

INSCRIBED TO MRS. WILBUR.

O, WHY repine for former years,  
For childhood's happy hours ;  
For "broken ties," "love," long since fled,  
Youth's brightest visions, hopes now dead,  
To call them once more ours ?

The "idols" of our "early love"  
Lie broken, scattered now ;  
The shrines whereon our gifts were laid,  
By Time's relentless hand, is made  
A dark one where to bow.

But why look back, or e'er repine  
For the joys long since fled ?  
Know that the present claims thee now,  
And "laurel wreaths" may crown thy brow ;  
The future do not dread.

Then grieve not for the "dimning past,"  
But let thy heart aspire  
To nobler deeds ; "act well your part"  
In doing good, and let thy heart  
And thoughts be onward, higher.

The present claims thee for its strife;  
The past leave to the "fates;"  
Shake every burden from thy soul,  
And "forward look unto that goal,"  
Where fame and honor waits.

Shed no more tears for what is past,  
For grief doth never pay;  
Adieux to sorrows, hopes now fled,  
Be joyous, smile, and look ahead,  
And happy while you may.

## MYSELF.

"The proper study of mankind is man."

A MYSTERY is myself to me,  
Invoking oft the aid  
Of staunch and true philosophy,  
Which only doth upbraid  
My lack of prescience, so much,  
I am bewildered still;  
And if assured—its power is such—  
Convinced against my will.

Sometimes I seem two beings, both  
In contrariety;  
And then to doubt I'm nothing loth  
Such impropriety;  
At one time I am moved to love,  
The soul's sweet inner rest;  
And then again dark tides doth move  
The passions of my breast.

At other times I'm prone to hate;  
Alas! that woman should—  
Until some softer spell abate  
Each strong but transient mood;

Then pity prompts me for awhile,  
Some soothing words to say ;  
And thus between the tear and smile,  
I pass my life away.

The good and bad do each control,  
The light and then the shade ;  
The wheat and chaff comprise the whole,  
Of which the grain is made ;  
But soon the scorching fires shall burn  
The dross away, and I,  
Myself, with unclogged spirit, turn  
Toward immortality.

TO J. A. W.

BY "ANON."

AHA ! at last I've found you,  
Have heard again your song,  
For which I've waited anxiously,  
And listened for it long;  
Those accents softly stealing  
Along, I hear once more,  
And give them gladly welcome,  
As oft in days of yore.

That little "*Carte de Visite*,  
I'm keeping yet of thee,  
Which, years ago, in "Valley Dale,"  
By "Union" came to me.  
Altho' you've doffed your *nom de plume*,  
Your song's still just as sweet;  
Once more, by way of "UNION,"  
My wayward muse doth greet.

And so yourself, a "mystery,"  
Unto yourself hath grown—  
We all might say the same of us,  
For the very little known;



But "staunch and true philosophy,"  
Does much of life comprise;  
With that—and Nature's teachings—  
We should become more wise.

We know "the proper study  
Of mankind, is man,"  
And few that *learn* their *lesson*,  
Let them study all they can;  
Mankind a mystery always  
To every mortal human;  
But yet a greater mystery,  
To all mankind— is *woman*!

## TO "ANON."

FULL many a sun had swept the sky;  
Full many a moon shone softly by,  
    Since thou had'st breathed my name;  
How strange it sounded to my ear;  
How wonderingly I paused to hear,  
    As o'er the waste it came.

Like some loved voice oft heard of yore,  
Whose well-known echoes wake no more  
    The lonely vale or stream;  
Along the intervening space,  
Penned by the poet's matchless grace,  
    It broke upon my dream.

For I am dreaming, dreaming still,  
Of yonder high and flower-crowned-hill,  
    And of a far-off vale;  
Where erst the roses bloomed for me;  
Where warbler's woke each way-side tree—  
    My heart's sweet "Valley Dale."

But now the shadows steal along;  
The years bring burdens to my song;

Life's mirage thralls the light ;  
Would that my muse might soar for thee,  
Nothing on earth should be more free,  
Than my fond fancy's flight.

## TO J. A. W.

BY "ANON."

A PLEASURE 'tis, fair poetess,  
To acknowledge the receipt, again,  
Of your sweet song ; and none the less,  
Does gladness mingle in each strain,  
Than when your muse, in days of yore,  
Sang for me on a distant shore.

'Tis true that " many a sun its course,  
Has daily swept the azure sky ;"  
" Full many a moon " has waxed and waned ;  
In silver light " shone softly by ;"  
The changing seasons went and came,  
Yet oft, in each, " I 've breathed your name."

And that sweet voice, in years ago,  
Would haunt me whereso'er I go ;  
And yet I 've waited, oh ! so long,  
One more sweet strain of yours to know ;  
Its accents sweet, once more, I hear,  
Come gently stealing on my ear.

And thou art dreaming ? dream no more  
" Of yonder high and flower-crowned hill,"

“Where erst the roses bloomed before ;”

For *me* the warbler’s song is still,  
And stranger feet now tread the vale,  
Of once, “my heart’s sweet Valley Dale.”

Alas ! that “shadows ” thus should fall,

Athwart the pathway of *your* life ;  
Yet, “years bring burdens ” to us all,  
With cares, and sorrows, joys and strife.

O, may your future pathway be  
With flowers strewn—from “mirage ” free.

## LOST STARS.

## A SONNET.

'T IS said that stars fade from the heavens away,  
And ever after they are lost to sight,  
Leaving behind naught but the dark, dim night,  
Where once there shone full many a glittering ray,  
Perchance the star of hope to some glad eye,  
Of mariner launched upon the sea of life,  
Uncertain 'mid its turmoil and its strife,  
Whether its friendly beams would still be nigh :  
So fade the lights from out the firmament  
Of our hearts, love, joy, ambition, all  
Die and are covered with a pall,  
Yet, oftimes by the hand of mercy sent,  
To lure us onward to that shining shore,  
Where hopes ne'er die, nor stars dim evermore.

## WHY ?

Why question we to-day ?  
The mortal powers that reign awhile ;  
The frown that follows every smile ;  
    The life doomed to decay ;  
The thorns that fill a wondrous pile ;  
    The flowers that fade away.

Why doth the noxious tare  
Grow side by side with the golden grain ;  
The parasites of woe and pain,  
    Our pleasures link with care ;  
And evermore some sad refrain  
    Mingle with each sweet air ?

Why will they come, and come ?  
The petty, nameless ills of life ;  
The peace so near allied to strife,  
    To thoroughfare and home ;  
To each sweet spot with sunshine rife,  
    Why will the shadows come ?

Why are we born to die ?  
Why is life but a little breath ?

The prëlude to the pass of death ;  
    Whence many travellers hie ;  
A worm lies coiled in each green wreath ;  
    Who does not wonder why ?



## THE IRISH PAUPER.

I 'm here alone, I 'm here alone—  
I pine for want of bread ;  
The brightness of my eye is gone,  
The aims and hopes of life are done—  
I 'm numbered with the dead.

They are not here, they are not here,  
Who cheered my lonely home ;  
I saw them borne upon the bier,  
And not a sigh or melting tear  
From heart or eye could come.

I loved too well, I loved too well,  
What penury hath riven ;  
They 're sleeping in yon narrow dell,  
Nor mound nor stone their resting tell—  
Those dear ones to me given.

And by their side, and by their side,  
There sleepeth yet another ;  
O God ! but help me now to bide  
This dark and overwhelming tide  
Of woe—'t was wife and mother.

And on her breast, and on her breast,  
Methinks I hear its weeping ;  
They laid an infant form to rest,  
Its wasted limbs her dead hands pressed—  
Together they are sleeping.

There 's nothing left, there 's nothing left,  
That I had loved or cherished ;  
My life in its beginnings cleft—  
Of every human hope bereft—  
They all, they all have perished.

## WINTER AND MY HEART.

CRYSTAL snows of arctic clime,  
Spars and frosts, and wintry time,  
Leafless branches wide are seen,  
But my heart beats fresh and green.

What is colder than the snow ?  
Or than wintry storms that blow :  
Yet how little do I ween,  
Since my heart beats fresh and green.

Think you that *my* heart is old ?  
One true pulse, even dead and cold ;  
Of affection—love, I mean—  
No, my heart lives fresh and green.

Earth to nature's laws must yield,  
Blooming garden, verdant field ;  
Bloom-swept, life and death between,  
Yet my heart blooms fresh and green.

Not the storm that rudely falls,  
With its blast my heart appals ;  
Sorrow's shafts have been as keen,  
Still, my heart bounds fresh and green,

All is tintured with decay,  
Of to-day and yesterday;  
What we've seen, or have not seen.  
But my heart, *that's* fresh and green.

## MY GRAVE.

O! BURY me not in the sea so deep,  
Where the monsters of the ocean sleep,  
And the serpent forms of that watery clime  
Would gather around me all the time;  
Where mermaids and mermen their dark wings fold,  
And, like bacchanals, their revels hold;  
For I would not that my grave should be  
With the nameless dwellers of the sea.

O! bury me not on the lonely shore,  
Where the wild surf beats, and the tempests roar;  
Where the swelling tides would wash away,  
Some cherished memento every day,  
And wrap in dark and withering gloom,  
The sweet surroundings of the tomb;  
For I would not that my grave should lie  
Unmarked and noteless, when I die.

O! bury me not in the silent glade,  
Where the dark boughs wave in the sunless shade;  
Where the beasts of the forest their orgies hide,  
And with stealthy step through the darkness glide,

And the owl chimes out its desolate song  
The valleys and echoing hills among;  
For I would not that my grave should stand  
As a way-mark, set along the land.

But bury me in some lovely spot,  
Where the foot of the intruder cometh not;  
Where the sweet birds sing, and the leafy trees  
Make answer to the whispering breeze,  
And dear ones may come at the close of the day,  
To give a thought to the mouldering clay;  
For I would that my grave should be  
Where the tear of love would be shed for me.

A FEW MORE.

A FEW more days allotted here,  
A few more weeks to spend;  
Till sullied pleasures, sordid care,  
And days and weeks shall end.

A few more suns sweep through the sky,  
A few more moons grow dim;  
And, passed into Eternity,  
Chanted the funeral hymn.

A few more battles, hardly fought;  
A few more victories won,  
By might of toils and labors wrought,  
And toiling time is done.

A few more loved eyes kindly light,  
A few more kindling rays  
Break o'er the darkling brow of night;  
Then, be as yesterdays.

A few more greetings, clasp of hands,  
A few more words of love;  
And wreathing smiles, and life's low sands  
Forever cease to move.

A few more farewell tears be wept,  
A few more hearts be tried;  
Behold the record Time hath kept—  
Was born, and lived and died.



## A WITHERED HEART.

SEEST thou yon flower so freshly plucked at morning?

Shorn both of beauty and of grace it lies;

No fragrance — it hath lost its chief adorning —

'T is thus the heart's love withers, aye, and dies.

A heart without love, without power of loving,

Cold as the stones upon some rocky shore;

Within each fair field, like a lover roving,

But waking latent life, and love no more.

Cold as the marble o'er the tomb, is keeping

Its stately watch above the silent dead;

While statue-like, the eyes no tears are weeping,

As through each lonely pass the steps are led.

O! heart, like muffled drum thy pulses waking,

Each dirge-like step down to a deepening grave;

And in the midst of festive mirth, but making

The green leaves of the lonely cypress wave.

Withered and buried with a hoarded treasure,

That lies embalmed within some silent urn;

Insensible alike to joy or pleasure,

Whose altar-fires long since have ceased to burn.

O ! love, thou art of many the undoing,  
Although the essence of our life thou art ;  
Alas ! how vain the lover finds his wooing,  
Before the shrine where sleeps a withered heart.

## MY LIFE.

My life is like a pale sea-flower,  
That floats along upon the wave ;  
Rudely dissevered from its bower,  
Which the unquiet waters lave.

My life is like a sparkling rill,  
Winding as gladly on its way ;  
That turned at last to breakers wild,  
And dashed around in stormy spray.

My life is like a rain-bow bright,  
That shadowed each prismatic form,  
And spanned the arching heavens with light,  
Only to bode the coming storm.

My life is like a silent lute,  
On which unskillful fingers lain,  
Have often harshly swept its strings  
To discord, 'stead of tuneful strain.

My life is like a wasted pearl,  
The broken fragments scattered 'round,  
Or like a shell brought from the sea,  
That answers with its moaning sound.

## THE FAREWELL OF THE YEAR.

FAREWELL ! fare ye well ! I am going now,  
With the hoary head, and the youthful brow ;  
I bear the trophies of many a land  
With a conqueror's triumph, a victor's hand ;  
I measure the time, with a silent tread,  
As I journey along, with my precious dead.

It was morn, when, from last year's cold ashes I woke,  
And the sun, with a smile of new radiance, broke,  
As I looked from my chambers, exultingly forth,  
From the far sunny South, to the desolate North,  
While the East raised her gates, to the bright King of  
Day,  
And the West but reflected each rose-tinted ray.

My advent was welcomed, by old and by young,  
And in loud sounding peans, my praises were sung ;  
" Happy New Year," was echoed by hill and by plain,  
And the dim forests caught and reëchoed the strain,  
'Mid the pealing of bells, and 'mid voices of glee,  
'Mid the sighing of bondmen—the songs of the free.

I have seen earth's broad bosom lie pale, cold, and chill,  
While the wild streams of mountain and valley stood  
still,

And the verdureless fields, in their shorn beauty lay,  
With leaf, bud, and blossom, all folded away,  
At the beck of monarch, that ushered me in,  
And bade me, my swift moving cycles, begin.

My faithful chronometer noted each day,  
As it fled swiftly on, in the distance away,  
Weeks glided along to the great sea of Time,  
As hour by hour, rang out, unceasing, their chime;  
The sun shone more brightly, as onward he sped,  
And the moon and the stars hung like gems overhead.

Anon, there were signs, lay along the blue sky,  
And the mild winds, in murmurs, swept soothingly by,  
As the soft dews were laid, where the hard frost had  
lain,  
To woo the young life back to nature again;  
Till new forms of beauty were born, as before,  
And the green earth was like a young mother, once  
more.

I smiled, when the sunbeams of summer looked down,  
And met every shadow that fell with a frown;  
For I thought it would sadden the beautiful flowers,  
That grew tall and fair, in their thousands of bowers;  
'Mid the singing of birds, that were glad in their glee,  
I rejoiced to see all things thus happy and free.

But I sighed, like a beautiful child, at its toys,  
To think how uncertain, and fleeting, life's joys;

For I knew that the Summer would soon ended be,  
And the harvest be past, both for them, and for me ;  
But while I was musing, there came a sweet voice,  
“For the gift of thy being, rejoice ! O! rejoice!”

Again, there were shadows, crept over the sun,  
For the wane of the days of my life had begun ;  
And all things seemed fading, still fading, away ;  
I could see them grow paler, and paler each day,  
And my own locks were bleached, like the pure drifted  
snow,  
As the finger of death gently passed o'er my brow.

I looked on the agèd, whose sands were but few,  
And told of a clime, where all things might be new,  
But the full flush of life, looked aghast, when I spoke  
Of the strongest of ties, severed but by a stroke ;  
And beauty, and youth, gave a questioning look,  
As I traced out their names, on a page of my book.

But childhood, and infancy, O! for the night,  
To cover the wealth of such spoils from the sight!  
Stay the uplifted hand from the premature blow!  
Let the sweet early buds to maturity grow!  
But I heard groans, and sobbings, and heart-rending  
cries,  
As the prayer, unheeded, returned from the skies.

The husbandman garnered the fruits of his toils,  
And they that had tarried divided the spoils,

For some I had gathered, had gone on before ,  
They shall hunger, nor thirst, neither cry any more—  
I, too, have worshipped at many a shrine ;  
All the years have their conquests, and I must have  
mine.

Make haste ! ye that listen to love's syren song,  
The sun is down lower, the shawdows are long ;  
Linger not, till your hearts break, with holding of  
hands,  
For the angel of Death at your vestibule stands ;  
Imprint the last kiss, give the last, fond embrace,  
Ere the life-course be finished, and ended the race.

Farewell ! fare ye well ! I am going now,  
With a hoary head and faded brow,  
I bear the treasures of many a land,  
With a conqueror's triumph, a victor's hand,  
Ye will listen in vain for my coming tread,  
I return no more with my precious dead.



## ADOWN THE TIDE.



OLD, on my wan cheek, the night winds are  
blowing,  
Cold o'er the marshes, the mist-lights are  
growing,  
Cold, and still colder, the streamlet is  
flowing,  
As I glide,  
Adown the tide.

Pale, o'er the latchet, the woodbine is creeping,  
Pale, by its side, the sweet star-eye is sleeping ;  
Pale, on its fringed lids, the dew-drops are weeping,  
Weeping tears,  
For the fading years.

Still are the voices that sung for my pleasure,  
Still is the sound of each sweet hymning measure,  
Still in the dearth that surrounds me, I treasure,  
Treasure light,  
For the coming night.

Gone is the brightness that beamed in the morning,  
Gone are the forms given for its adorning ;  
Gone, but more blest is my soul for its shorning,  
    As I glide  
    Adown the tide.

FINIS.











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